

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 537.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR AS HAMLET—"TO GO OR NOT TO GO."



The Prime Minister's promised statement of Monday concerning the defeat of the Government by 175 votes on the Irish Land Commission Expenses Vote is awaited with the keenest interest. Meanwhile there is absolutely nothing to show whether it will take the form of an announcement of the resignation of the Government or will practically ignore the defeat altogether. The clamours of the Liberal and Irish Parties are in any case not likely to affect Mr. Balfour's decision so much as the weariness and indifference of his own followers.



## BIRTHS.

HEGGS.—On the 19th inst., at Toronto House, West Bromwich, the wife of Raymond Mitchell Heggs, L.R.C.P., Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., of a daughter.  
 PAYOR.—On July 20th, at "South Bank," Worcester Park, Surrey, the wife of William Anthony Pryor, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

BARNARD-EVE.—On July 20, at All Saints', Cranham, by the Rev. A. J. Barnard, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. C. J. R. Cooke, rector, Harold Granville, youngest son of Mrs. and the late John Barnard, of Gloucester, to Emily Mary, second daughter of Richard Newland Eve, of Cranham Hall, Uppminster.

## DEATHS.

JENKINS.—On July 19, at 14, Scarbrick-street, Southport, Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, LL.D., Hon. Sec. of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, aged 85 years.  
 PALGRAVE.—On July 19, at Salisbury, Grace, wife of the late Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave, K.C.B., aged 75.

## MOTORS AND CYCLES.

A Lady's and Gent's up-to-date Free Wheel; £2 each.—Holt, 15, Goldsmiths', Acton, London.  
 CYCLES.—Grand opportunity.—Sole and secondhand; best makers; ladies' gent's; special selection, to clear at bargain prices before holidays; cash or easy terms.—Cycle dom, 54, Blackfriars-rd. S.E.

## PERSONAL.

E. DEAREST.—Longing to see you. Forever thine.—E. NAOMI.—Back six, Wednesday next; am at business; don't be cross.

MENTINEL.—Butterflies hovering round. Be careful.—LOOKER-ON.

HOLIDAYS.—When you buy a trunk insist on having a Featherweight Compressed Fibre; the strongest and lightest made.

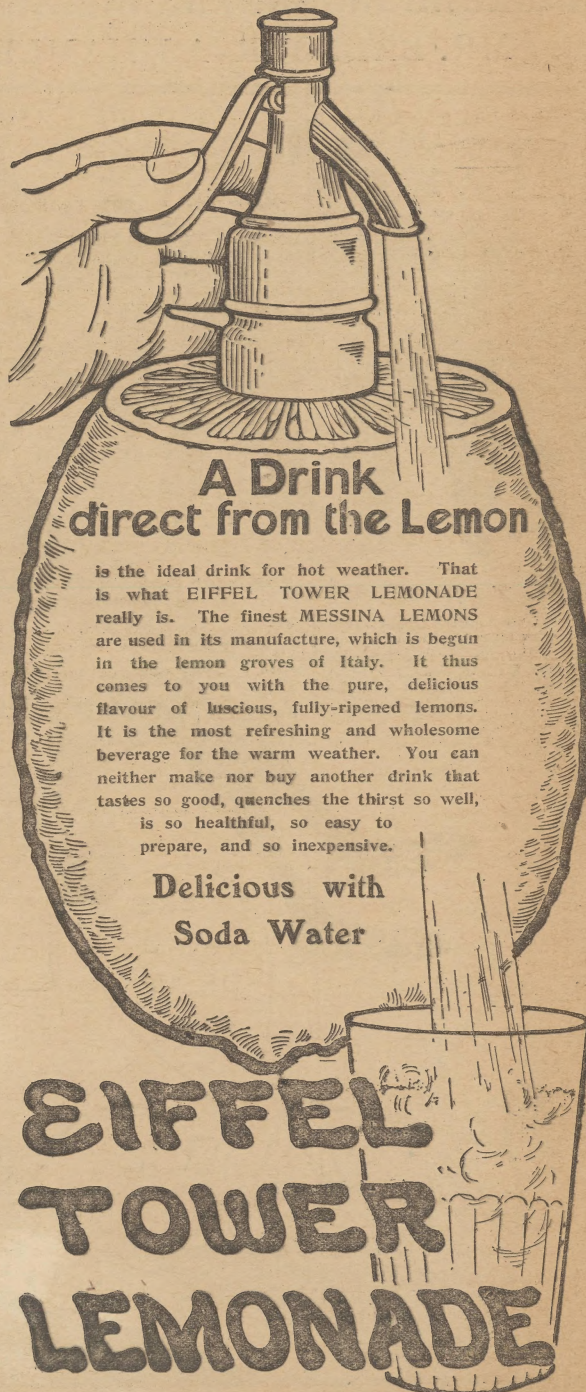
TIP.—"Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom.—Address "The Publisher," 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.

\* \* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

## HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN for HEALTH and HOLIDAYS.  
 —Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and scenery charming; guides, excursions, bills, hotel and apart list put free.—WALTER D. REID, 47, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

# 2 Gallons for 4½d.



**A Drink direct from the Lemon**

is the ideal drink for hot weather. That is what EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE really is. The finest MESSINA LEMONS are used in its manufacture, which is begun in the lemon groves of Italy. It thus comes to you with the pure, delicious flavour of luscious, fully-ripened lemons. It is the most refreshing and wholesome beverage for the warm weather. You can neither make nor buy another drink that tastes so good, quenches the thirst so well, is so healthful, so easy to prepare, and so inexpensive.

**Delicious with Soda Water**

# EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE



## That Neck OF YOUR'S—YOU HAVE Only One.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK IT ON AN UNRELIABLE BICYCLE, which, however seductively put before you, and however cheaply marked, is an EXPENSIVE ARTICLE IN THE LONG RUN.

GET A **GAMAGE "ILIXUM"**

It will be at once a pleasure to you and the envy of your friends on account of its easy running, its rigidity, and its elegance. These combined good points have caused it to be the **World's Most Popular Mount.**

IT COSTS **£7:15:0** with Genuine Bowden Brakes and Genuine Dunlop Tyres, Lady's or Gent's; or on **12 EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 14/-**, which is equal to **5½d. a Day.**

POINTS WHICH HAVE MADE THE "ILIXUM" FAMOUS:

- NEW DESIGN FORK CROWN, more graceful and much lighter and stronger.
- DUNLOP TYRES, finest quality.
- HYDRA Ball-bearing Free Wheel.
- GENUINE BOWDEN BACK and FRONT RIM BRAKES, worked with Inverted Lever from Handle Bar.
- PEATED RIMS with Black Centres and Edges.

N.B.—It will be noticed that we enamel the parts of the rims most liable to rust if neglected after riding on a wet day.

**GAMAGE CYCLES from £5:10:0**  
 High-Grade Machines at Moderate Prices.  
 Full Particulars in Cycle Catalogue.

**A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.,**  
 HOLBORN, W.C.

The "ILIXUM."  
 Fitted with Fagan Two-Speed Gear, £9:15:0, or Twelve Monthly Payments of 19/2.  
 If unable to call, please cut this out and forward by post.

Kindly forward me your "Gamage Cycle Catalogue," together with Easy Payment Form and Particulars.

Name .....

(Please write plainly.)

Address .....

## SPEND A HALFPENNY (POSTCARD) AND YOU WILL

To know all the advantages I offer send postcard for lists which give full details and useful information.

**GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.**

**CASH ON INSTALLMENT TERMS.**

Showrooms: LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.

Established 1889

**FURNITURE, CURBS, &c.**

**CHARLES RILEY, Desk 24, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

Packed Free. Carriage Paid.

Save Shillings probably Pounds

All Goods sent Direct from Works, saving Retail Profits.

Bedsteads (Metal and Wood), Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c.

# EPPS'S COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.



# WILL THE GOVERNMENT RESIGN?

## Members Take a Serious View of Mr. Balfour's Defeat.

## SCENES IN THE HOUSE

### "C.-B." and His Friends Anxious To Take Office.

### "SUSPENDED ANIMATION."

### Lords Discuss the Possibility of a New Ministry.

Will the Government resign after their defeat in the early hours of yesterday morning?

This was practically the sole topic of conversation yesterday. The situation is now regarded as more critical than was at first thought. It was not a "snap" division, but a defeat in a full House after an urgent Party whip, and it followed hard on Mr. Balfour's appeal for stronger Party support.

These considerations may have weighed with Mr. Balfour and his colleagues at the Cabinet Council yesterday, and they may have decided that the strenuous game of leading a tired Party is not worth the candle. The Cabinet sat for two hours, and broke up at 5.10 p.m.

The proceedings in the House yesterday did not throw much light on the Government's intentions, but it is plain that the Opposition are looking forward to an appeal to the country.

## IN THE HOUSE.

### Liberals Gleeeful in Anticipation of a Coming Election.

The sensational defeat of the Government caused the wildest excitement at Westminster yesterday (writes our Parliamentary correspondent).

The first intimation of the crisis reached many members through the late editions of the morning newspapers, and from nine o'clock till noon, when the House met, Palace Yard was a vast confusion of motors, carriages, and cabs, members hastening off from breakfast to discuss the latest developments of the situation.

"They'll have to go," was the universal Liberal comment.

The House was in a most excited mood. The benches were packed. Members stood six deep behind the bar. Even the side galleries were filled. Pale and haggard, but with a faint smile on his face, the Prime Minister entered immediately after prayers, and took his seat between the Colonial Secretary and the Chief Whip.

A loud welcoming shout burst from the Ministerial benches, while Liberals and Nationalists jeered.

Sir H. "C.-B." entered with a gleeful face shortly afterwards, a perfect hurricane of exultant roars by the Liberal members following him to his seat. Mr. Chamberlain, in a light grey frock-coat, and a bronze-tinted buttonhole, slipped into his seat below the gangway. No special reception, however, awaited him.

It was for him John Redmond that the great greeting was reserved. As the Nationalist leader, flushed with excitement, slowly passed to his corner seat on the Irish benches the Nationalists rose as one man. All cheered, several patted him on the back, other nudged his elbow approvingly.

Business was frankly impossible. Mr. T. W. Russell and other members objected to all the private Bills on the order paper, and the House then went into Committee on the Scotch Churches Bill.

### "C.-B.'s" ASSAULT.

### Unseemly to Transact Business During an Interregnum.

"C.-B." immediately rose. A terrific hurricane of Opposition shouts followed, and order papers were wildly waved. The Liberal leader was tremulous and his voice shook.

"I rise," he said, "to move to report progress. The situation does not require explanation. The short discussion last night shows there is a strong feeling on the part of many members to adjourn till Monday. I hope a night's reflection has brought many others to the same conclusion."

The Government is now considering with due solemnity of deliberation the question whether they shall retain office.

"In those circumstances it would be almost unseemly for the House of Commons to transact business during the interregnum. (Triumphant Radical and Irish cheers.)

Mr. Balfour was promptly on his feet. A warm, sympathetic cheer was thrown at him from behind.

"I shall not," he continued, "ask the House to transact business of a Party character, but I hope the House will deal with the Scotch Churches Bill, which does not arouse Party passion and does not touch the direction of resignation or non-resignation."

"It will be my duty to make a statement at half-past two on Monday, and the course I propose will prevent a Parliamentary day being wasted."

Mr. Balfour's suggestion was at once accepted. The motion for the adjournment of the debate was formally negatived.

The Committee stage of the Churches Bill was worked hurriedly off.

Within half an hour of the meeting the House rose.

"The force is over now," exclaimed Mr. Redmond above the clamour of voices, as members flocked excitedly to the lobbies to discuss the chance of the Cabinet resigning.

## WHAT WILL MR. BALFOUR DO?

### Careful Planning of the Liberal "Plot" to Defeat the Government.

There is a general agreement (writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) that the Government will not take the decisive step of resignation, but that they will ask their supporters to reverse the verdict of yesterday morning and thus enable the Government to wind-up the work of the session in the ordinary course.

It is fortunate for Mr. Balfour that the Vote of Censure division comes on Monday, as it will unexpectedly give the Government the opportunity of showing the country that a very large majority of the House still retain confidence in the present Government.

It is now known that the plan of the Opposition to defeat the Government was very carefully planned and carried out.

## WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS.

### "Unquestionably Serious" and "A Cause for Profound Thankfulness."

The feeling of the country may be judged from the following opinions culled from representative journals:—

"Not necessarily decisive, but unquestionably serious."—*"Times."*

"As to the effect upon the general political situation, we believe it will be nil."—*"Daily Telegraph."*

"Many Governments have survived worse defeats than this."—*"Morning Post."*

"We cannot acquit the absent Ministerials of a want of loyal vigilance."—*"Standard."*

"The prevailing thought to-day is less exultant than a profound thankfulness that the end has come at last."—*"Daily News."*

"An untoward incident, but scarcely involving the necessity of a Ministerial resignation."—*"Manchester Courier."*

"The final result of a process of crumbling which has gone on progressively during the present session."—*"Westminster Gazette."*

## UNIONIST INDIFFERENCE.

Unionist members are petitioning the Prime Minister not to resign. In the rank and file of the Party, however, there is a good deal of tired feeling, and many do not much care whether the Government goes or not.

### MAJORITY OF FOUR.

The Division List issued yesterday shows that the votes were wrongly recorded. There were 401 members voted, and the Opposition vote was 203, instead of 199, the majority thus being 4 and not 3.

## TARIFF REFORMERS SLACK.

No fewer than seventy-one supporters of Mr. Chamberlain did not vote in the fatal division. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Middlemore, Sir Howard Vincent, Sir T. Dewar, and forty other members of the Tariff Reform League neither voted nor paired.

## "SEMI-ANIMATED."

The defeat of the Government caused a flutter of excitement in the Gilded Chamber.

It was noticed that in the course of the sitting the Duke of Devonshire crossed the floor and engaged in friendly conversation with Earl Spencer and Lord Tweedmouth.

The Duke gave notice to postpone a motion he had on the paper on Colonial preference. The Government would be in a state of "suspended animation" till a certain vote had been rescinded—*"If, indeed, it were rescinded at all!"*

# MIDNIGHT CHARGE OF THE JAPANESE.

## Russians Driven Back in Saghalien After 27 Hours' Fighting.

From Tokio comes a graphic story of desperate resistance offered to the Japanese troops by the Russians in Saghalien.

At Dalin (says Reuter's correspondent), 500 Russians, hidden among thick forests, offered a desperate resistance.

Cannonading began at six in the morning and lasted till dusk, the infantry gradually gaining ground.

A final charge was made by the Japanese two hours past midnight, and the enemy were not driven out of the second line of defence till nine next morning.

Four field guns and one machine gun were captured by the Japanese.

The Japanese continue to press forward, and in this message it was stated that the Russians could not hold out much longer. It is officially announced from Tokio that the number of Russians who have surrendered at various points in Saghalien is 461. These include a colonel and fourteen other officers.

Japanese troops have been sighted near Nikolaievsk, at the mouth of the River Amur, north of Vladivostok. This development on the far north has surprised the Russians and is of great importance, for the river offers an easy method of transport into Russian territory.

## TSAR AND KAISER.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The Emperor has postponed his departure for a few hours owing to the receipt of dispatches from Moscow. He will leave late to-night or to-morrow morning.

His suite on board the Polar Star will number thirty-five. Two Admiralty yachts will accompany the Polar Star as escort.—Laffan.

PARIS, Friday.—Circulation of the statement that the Tsar and Kaiser are going to meet has aroused considerable anxiety here. It is urged that France should make it understood that she is the one European Power with real interest in Russian affairs.—Central News.

## RUSSIA WILL PAY.

### Foreigners Who Suffered by Rioting in Odessa To Be Compensated.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Friday.—From an authoritative source I am informed that the Government will meet all the claims for compensation preferred by foreigners for damage recently caused by the revolutionaries here.

The maritime insurance companies have agreed to make good the loss of the nine steamers burnt, but for all other losses the insurance companies decline to pay anything. The foreign claimants number 401.

Russian victims of the conflagration are not likely to receive any compensation.

During the last few days about eighteen hundred arrests have been effected in connection with the recent and destructive revolutionary demonstrations.

## NAUSEOUS "NIGHTCAP."

### "Patriotic" Prince's Humiliation in a Court of Law.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—Prince Leon Kotschoubey, who is closely connected with the Tsar by marriage, has been ordered to pay £500 damages to Dresden, a hotel porter whom he assaulted under circumstances that would be amusing, were the effects not so serious.

On returning to his hotel late one night the Prince asked the porter for something to read as he was a bad sleeper.

At random the porter handed him a comic paper, which happened to contain a skit on the Far Eastern war, holding up the Tsar to ridicule.

Calling the porter to his room, the Prince thrashed him unmercifully.

The porter's injuries have turned out to be permanent, and he is threatening an action for further damages.

## £600,000 LOST IN A YEAR.

Details of the balance-sheet of the Morgan shipping combine show that the losses on the year amount to £600,000, and, in spite of the ruthless "cutting" of salaries when Mr. Bruce Ismay was appointed president, management expenses have increased by £40,000.

The Atlantic cable war is, of course, the main cause. No dividend for ordinary or preference shareholders is forthcoming.

Many Berlin people, says Laffan, have been swindled by sham Russian refugees, who, in broken German, relate stories of valuable heirlooms left behind.

# THE KING AT BISLEY.

## Remarkable Interest in the "Daily Mirror" Competition.

## RIFLE OF THE FUTURE.

To-day is to be a day of days at Bisley. The King is to pay a visit to the famous shooting camp, and during his stay will probably be a spectator of the *Daily Mirror* competition for automatic rifles, which has aroused so much interest and has been quite a feature of the present Bisley meeting.

His Majesty is to travel to Bisley by his motor-car, and is expected to arrive about two.

At 3.30 the King is expected to visit the butts at which the automatic rifle competition is to be decided.

The conditions of the competition are as follows: "DAILY MIRROR" AUTOMATIC RIFLE COMPETITION.

(Two Unqualified Competitions. Unlimited entries.) Open to any single competitor firing with an automatic rifle, or to any two competitors each firing with any hand-loaded magazine rifle. (Weight of automatic rifle limited to 10lb.)

Aggregate value £75, given by the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*, and divided as follows:—

First prize (to-day) .....	£24
Second prize (to-day) .....	£16
Third prize (to-day) .....	£10

Distance, 300 yards.  
Target, head and shoulders.  
Number of shots unlimited.  
Entrance fee, 6s.

### SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The target will appear four times, and each appearance will be for nine seconds, with intervals of six seconds between each appearance. Each appearance will be at a different place along the length of half of the butt (about 25 yards).
2. No competitor or pair of competitors may compete twice consecutively if there are any other competitors waiting to compete.
3. Each pair of competitors must use the same description of rifle, and no competitor may shoot in more than one pair.
4. To-day the Bisley committee reserve the right to nominate the order of shooting, and also to cancel special condition No. 2, either in whole or in part, without notice.

Most of the best shots at Bisley have entered.

### THE CAMP CAPTURED.

Bisley Camp was captured early yesterday morning by General French and the men of the Aldershot Division. The great cavalry leader swept down upon the Volunteer encampment at three in the morning, and although heavy guns were fired, the tired marksmen slept on blissfully unconscious of the fact that they were being made "prisoners of war." All traces of the "capture," however, were removed by the time shooting commenced yesterday.

Early in the day the range where the *Daily Mirror* competition is to be held to-day, was crowded with people anxious to watch the performances of the Halle and West-Ashton automatic rifles. So eager were the spectators that a special constable had to be placed on duty to keep people off the range. During the morning the Swedish Attaché was a visitor to the range, and took a lively interest in the shooting and the mechanism of the automatic rifle.

An excellent performance was placed to the credit of the West-Ashton rifle, forty-one shots and thirty-seven hits being recorded in the minute.

Mr. Donaldson, from the Ordnance Works, and Colonel Nathan, from Waltham Abbey, inspected the rifle during the day.

The "Regiment" in its last issue, referring to the *Daily Mirror* competition, says the automatic rifle is the rifle of the future.

## GIANT AIRSHIP'S TRIAL.

### Dr. Barton's Invention To Ascend from the Alexandra Palace This Afternoon.

Dr. Barton announces that he will make a trial of the Barton-Rawson airship from the grounds of Alexandra Palace this afternoon.

The vessel will be steered across the northern portion of London. Dr. Barton himself, accompanied by Mr. Rawson, will take the captain's "bridge."

A crew of three men will manage the 50 h.p. motors and the steering mechanism of the cigar-shaped balloon.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Three persons were cut to pieces at Ouges level crossing by the Calais-Faris express yesterday.

The Shah visited the Palais de Justice in Paris yesterday, and after hearing a case conversed with the judges.

While riding near Worsley, Manchester, yesterday afternoon, a swarm of bees surrounded four lady cyclists and forced them to dismount and take refuge in a cottage.

Thirot and Souzai, two Frenchmen recently extradited for murdering Mlle. Laurent in Paris, leave Charing Cross at nine o'clock this morning for France, accompanied by Detective Sexton.



## RACING CHAUFFEUR KILLED.

Motor-Car Wrecked on the  
Rottingdean Road.

## STRUCK TELEGRAPH POST

A fearful motor-car accident, resulting in the death of a chauffeur, occurred on the Rottingdean road yesterday, and has shed a gloom over the motor-car race week at London-by-the-Sea.

The car was owned by Mr. Arthur Brown, of London, and he and his chauffeur, William Wilson Collins, were riding in it along the road, which traverses the cliffs at Telscombe, near Rottingdean.

Here the driver seemed to lose control of the machine, which swerved off the road.

For a moment it seemed as if the car would be hurled over the cliffs into the sea.

Whether Mr. Brown or the chauffeur was driving is not known, but whoever was in charge of the car appears, in desperation, to have directed it into a telegraph-post. The impact was terrible.

Collins was instantly killed and Brown was seriously injured, his leg being broken and his back hurt. He is lying in a critical condition at the Sussex County Hospital, Brighton.

The car—a 80-h.p. Napier—was completely wrecked, one wheel being found 120 yards from the scene of the accident.

Mr. Arthur Brown is one of England's keenest motorists. He has competed in the trials for the Gordon-Bennett race, but as yet has never succeeded in representing England.

The news of the accident caused a profound sensation in Brighton, where Mr. Brown's car competed on Thursday in one of the motor-car races under the auspices of the Automobile Club.

It is supposed that the accident occurred through the bursting of a tyre when the car was travelling, so it is said, at fifty miles an hour.

## MILLION VISITORS A YEAR.

Records Show That the British Museum Is  
Growing More and More Popular.

That the British Museum is increasing in popularity is amply proved by the return issued yesterday.

The Museum at Bloomsbury and the Natural History Department at South Kensington admitted 954,551 persons to view their general collections in the year 1904, showing an increase of 33,993 over the previous year.

To the famous reading-room in Bloomsbury the number of visits paid by students in 1904 was 226,323, being 16,610 more than in 1903, with a daily average of 742.

Over a million and a half books were supplied to them—an average of over seven volumes daily for each reader.

In the course of the year 31,656 volumes had been added to the library, as well as 66,911 parts of volumes, or separate numbers of periodicals and of works in progress.

The record shows that 3,457 newspapers have been circulated in the United Kingdom, of which 1,203 (over one-third) were published in London and the suburbs.

## WEALTH IN ART.

Remarkable Season of Sales in Which Eight  
Romneys Realised £26,000.

With the disposal of a collection of pictures yesterday Christie's closed a memorable season of high prices for pictures and objects of art.

At the top of the list were eight Romneys, which produced £26,000, Raeburn following with six for £20,000.

The Huth and Tweedmouth collections each realised about £50,000, and the Ashburn collection of only seventeen works over £30,000.

The chief art collection sold was that of the late Mr. Louis Huth, which produced just £150,000, though the honour of possessing the most valuable object belongs to Mr. Gabbitts, whose famous rock crystal biberon astonished the art world when it was knocked down for 15,500gs.

## ONLY HE CAN SPEAK FRENCH.

The Lord Provost, the only member of the Edinburgh Council who can speak French, is busily employed during the visit to Scotland's capital of M. Cambon, the French Ambassador.

To-day M. Cambon is to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University.

"I was too lazy to deliver them," said a postman at Wool, Dorset, when charged with having wilfully delayed 850 circulars, which were found at his lodgings. He was let off with a fine of 50s.

## SEEKING A SHADOW.

Stores Commission Told That Mr.  
Rhodes Was Interested.

Evidence given before the South African Army Stores Commission yesterday seemed to show that the "shadowy personality, occasionally showing forth in the background," mentioned in the Butler Report, was none other than Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Lord Stanley, whose outspoken remarks about Post Office employees have recently attracted so much attention, was the chief witness, he having been Financial Secretary at the War Office.

Speaking clearly and vigorously, his lordship said that after the first cold storage contract "fresh blood" was wanted, so tenders were invited and Berg's being lowest was accepted.

"We had no knowledge," continued Lord Stanley, "when Berg got the contract that he was backed by De Beers and Cecil Rhodes. We knew that Carl Meyer was in it, and we knew of his connection with De Beers and Cecil Rhodes."

The President: Then what is meant by the "shadowy personality" mentioned in the Butler report?

Lord Stanley: I do not know. I would hardly call Cecil Rhodes a shadowy personality. I would have been glad to have him in any contract so far as solvency was concerned. (Laughter.)

Lord Stanley severely criticised F. H. He thought that the dual contract system should have been discovered earlier.

After lunch another witness, Colonel Clayton, startled the Commissioners by saying "all our oats in South Africa were in a 'dicky' condition." He afterwards explained that he meant they were bad.

The work has been so heavy that the Commissioners will not call any more officers as witnesses next week. The officers will be given time to prepare their evidence, and the Commissioners will consider the mass of papers they have already accumulated.

## LORDS DENOUNCED.

Chorus of Protest Against Rejection of Over-  
Bridges Bill.

Storm clouds are gathering in South London over the Lords' rejection of the Tramways Over-Bridges Bill.

Banners inscribed "Down with the Lords" are being unfurled from cellars under political clubs and mass protest meetings organised.

Mr. Gilliat, L.C.C., leads a committee of protest; the borough councils are full of wrath.

Lord Carrington has written to the "Times" strongly condemning Lord Ridley's action, which, he says, compels tollers of both sexes to walk 450 miles extra yearly to their work.

## TOWN OF INSANE.

Curious Belgian Community in Which Lunatics  
Are Treated as Boarders.

Gheel, in Belgium, presents a remarkable object lesson in the care of the feeble-minded.

This little-known town is the refuge of 1,500 lunatics, who are lodged by the townspeople, only the more violent cases being transferred to the asylum.

Under the tactful care of the inhabitants, who are remunerated for their trouble at fees ranging from £10 to £100 a year, the "patients" are treated as the guests of the house, and are allowed the utmost freedom.

They stroll round the town, visit the cafés, and for the most part live in perfect amity one with another. Of course, many suffer from delusions, and consider they are monarchs or other notabilities, but for the most part they are quite harmless, and many doctors favour the simple treatment of kindness and tactful, unobtrusive care to which they are subjected.

## FOR THE CHANNEL SWIM.

Miss Annette Kellerman, the youthful Australian, who will attempt next month to swim the Channel, had another trial swim yesterday from Dover to Deal.

She swam with a very powerful stroke, and made rapid headway through the sea.

## TRAMCAR SEATS ABLAZE.

Flames broke through the seats of an electric tramcar on its way from Clapham to Southwark yesterday.

The fire was caused by a defective brush, and was quickly put out with sand, when the car resumed its journey.

## COUNCILLOR STEEPLEJACK.

Councillor Craig gallantly climbed yesterday a chimney 205ft. in height, which has just been added to the Leith electric lighting station.

A large crowd of Mr. Craig's fellow citizens admiringly watched the exploit.

## FRANCE AVENGES THE DERBY.

King Sees Val d'Or Defeat the  
English Champion.

## SPORTING ENTENTE.

"Vive Val d'Or!" "Vive M. Blanc!" and "Vive l'entente cordiale!" were the cries mingled with genuine English cheering which overwhelmed the Gallic outburst as the French champion, Val d'Or won the Eclipse Stakes yesterday from Lord Rosebery's Cicero.

Sandown Park has witnessed many enthusiastic scenes, but none perhaps excelling the spectacle just as Val d'Or got the upper hand in the struggle and won in decisive style a very fine race for the £10,000 prize.

Among the earliest arrivals on the pretty course was the King, who motored down from Buckingham Palace, and in the royal pavilion were Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and other notables—all attired in the coolest of summer costumes, for the heat was almost tropical.

Lord Rosebery Present.

The sun blazed with a fervour infrequently experienced even in the torrid days of the past few weeks. Hundreds of French visitors journeyed down to see the classic contest, and all were confident that their champion would win.

"Cardinals of money are being invested on Val d'Or," said a principal bookmaker. "I'm very pleased that it is so," was the reply, "as we shall have a more satisfactory win over Cicero."

Lord Rosebery, in a straw sailor hat, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, in a Panama, and with a parasol, were present as Cicero was saddled, and the handsome chesnut never looked better, his beautifully-moulded form showing up much more muscularly than when he defeated Jardy in the Derby.

Val d'Or, much bigger and lustier than his great English rival, was not half liked. There was a suspicion that the colt was not quite fit. He had not yet recovered from the effect of the influenza which played havoc with the La Fougueille stable this season. "Yet," remarked Denham, his trainer, "I do think it the Derby running was correct that our horse is certain to beat Cicero."

Cicero the Favourite.

Meanwhile the paddock was crowded, as at Ascot, with thousands of fair women, whose lovely costumes shone out with greater effect than on the royal heath, in contrast to the négligé attire of the men. One heard French on every side, and five minutes' experience of the ring showed how great were the sums invested on their champion. But odds were always betted on Cicero.

A graceful compliment, made the more remarkable by the result of the great race, was paid when the executive published the programme surrounded by the French national colours.

Val d'Or had by no means the best of luck in the early stages of the struggle, as he was boxed in behind Cicero and Polymelus. But his jockey pulled round in the last 150 yards, and then stride by stride, amid breathless excitement, he overhauled Cicero and scored by half a length. A tumultuous scene ensued, and the delight of the crowd was at once a tribute to Val d'Or and an opinion of M. Blanc's fortunes.

(Continued on page 14.)

## BOOKPLATES EXHIBITION.

The Queen and Prince of Wales Among  
Leaders of a Revived Fa-hion.

Among the many interesting bookplates exhibited at the Ex Libris Society's show are those of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and his two eldest sons.

Of late years the fashion of bookplates has again become popular, and most people with any library now have one for their books. The royal family, many of whom are enthusiastic collectors of books, own plates some of which have been designed by Mr. W. P. Barrett, who is responsible for this new one of the Prince of Wales, which is being shown for the first time.

It is purely heraldic in design, and shows the arms of England surmounted by the Prince of Wales's crown.

The bookplates of Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales are similar in design, their initial being surrounded with a design of roses, shamrock, and thistle, with a crown on top.

## TOWN CRIER AND LOST BABY.

"God save the King and God save the poor baby and comfort his parents," bawled the Gravesend town crier at midnight.

People rushed from warm beds to find that a youngster was lost. Hours of anxiety were repaid by the discovery of the little wanderer at Dartford yesterday.

## LONDON LIKE AN OVEN.

Oppressive Heat in Town Sending  
Thousands to the Seaside.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER FORECAST.

Variable light breezes; fine at first; local thunder-showers later; close.

So still a day as yesterday is rare in London. Overhead a thick veil of mist shielded the town from the direct rays of the sun, but in spite of that London was like an oven.

Although the thermometer did not exceed seventy-eight degrees, the heat was more distressing than it was a week ago, when readings over eighty degrees were taken.

Indoors it was stifling, and in the London railway termini, where thousands of week-enders with their luggage were served by heavy-laden, perspiring porters, the atmosphere was intolerable. The coolest travelling was on the electric railways, which, after the heat of the streets, were almost alarmingly chilly, and many distressing summer colds are said to be due to this sudden change of temperature.

To children of tender years the hot weather is terribly distressing. According to Dr. Waldo, the Southwark corner, it is causing many deaths in the south of London.

At an inquest yesterday he stated that Southwark's infant mortality has been three times as great as Hampstead's during the last few weeks.

## GIRL OR BOY CADDIES.

Golfers Assert Links Language Is Not  
Unsuitable for Maidenly Ears.

Great interest has been aroused in golfing circles by the article in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday on "Girl Golf Caddies."

"But the innovation would certainly," said a well-known golfer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "arouse much opposition from the present caddies."

"At St. Andrews many of the caddies have been employed for years, and are as much a part of the place as the Royal and Ancient Clubhouse itself."

"As to bad language, that is no objection at all. Indeed, you hear very little bad language on the links nowadays. The golfer's reputation for profanity is not at all deserved."

## "DESIRABLE" ALIENS.

Major Evans Gordon Thinks the Amended  
Aliens Bill Not Strong Enough.

Major Evans Gordon, who so successfully piloted the Aliens Bill through the House of Commons, is not satisfied with it in its amended form. Interviewed for the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, he said he thought it did not go far enough.

The chief articles in the Bill as now amended provide that officers at the immigration ports may turn back all undesirable aliens.

"Undesirable" signifies:—(1) That the alien has no means of supporting himself or his dependents, (2) that he is diseased, (3) that he is a criminal.

A "desirable" alien may, however, accept contract work, and this Major Gordon takes strong exception to as likely to tend towards "cutting the throats" of our own labourers.

## DRAMATIC ALTAR SCENE.

Woman Recognises in a Bridegroom the  
Beloved Father of Her Child.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—For years past Louise Coutard had been living with a man named Cagny, in perfect happiness. They had a daughter named Simonne, whom both loved dearly.

One day Coutard went to church, and while she was there a wedding-party entered. Louise turned to look at the bridegroom. With a cry of despair she fainted. It was Cagny.

To make matters worse, inquiry revealed that the man had been married in the civil form the day before.

Now the poor woman is suing her faithless lover for the means of sustenance for their child.

## LORD MILNER IN LONDON.

For some time the whereabouts of Lord Milner has been a mystery. He was known to be resting abroad, but no one knew where.

He is now in London, and will stay two or three weeks before going into the country.

## MOTURING HEADACHE.

The "Lancet," ever on the alert for new menaces of the public health, suggests that motor-cars will be productive of headache, depression, and languor.

It was stated at the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol yesterday that it was impossible to guard against dissipated public-house trust property, after sale, being used for the sale of intoxicating drink or for dancing.



KAID MACLEAN  
WINS HIS CASE.

Judge Calls It an Interesting Psychological Problem.

ANALYSIS OF LOVE.

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean has won his divorce case. It took the special jury that has been hearing the suit for the past seven days just an hour of argument to decide that the charges which he had brought against his wife, Lady Maclean, and co-respondent, Mr. Spenser Mortimer, formerly the Gibraltar Garrison, were proved. Neither the Kaid himself, Lady Maclean, nor his daughters were in court when the verdict was pronounced. Their absence was somewhat of a disappointment to those members of the audience who enjoy "final scenes."

The wonder, however, was not that anybody could be absent, but that anybody should be present unless obliged, so hot was it in court.

**The Torrid Zone.**

To this abnormal height of the thermometer the President made a reference when he began to sum up.

"We have been transported in imagination," he said, "to the Straits of Gibraltar and to the coast of Morocco. In fact, it does not require much imagination to feel that we are really there. We have had Moore in flowing robes in court, and the temperature is very much what one would expect in Morocco."

After directing the jury's attention to the seriousness of the case before them, how it affected the true lives of the children of Sir Harry and Lady Maclean, the President used a word that has been instantly on people's lips through the trial—tragedy.

**Problem for Psychologists.**

"Tragedy underlies this case of a very serious character," he said. "You have a daughter giving evidence against her mother, and making a charge of a terrible nature against her own lover."

His lordship then analysed this "tragedy," of which the principal parts were taken by Lady Maclean, her daughter, the Paty, and Mr. Mortimer. The nature of the love, if there was love, of the co-respondent for the fragile girl, whose physical condition has caused so much sympathy in court, he confessed he could not understand.

"We have been brought face to face with an interesting psychological study," he said; "one of the most interesting studies that I have ever seen."

**Jury's Difficult Task.**

Was Mr. Mortimer's professed love for the girl genuine or not? That was one of the questions for the jury to decide. If the love was not genuine, there had been "an extraordinarily highly-developed plot."

It was with perplexed faces and the words "You have a very difficult case to decide" ringing in their ears that the jurymen left their box. Their turn after comparatively such a short period was welcome to those who waited in the court's stifling atmosphere as it was unexpected.

Judgment in accordance with the verdict was rendered. Damages against the co-respondent had been asked for.

IGNORANT MOTHERS.

Der Children Not Fit Guardians of the Younger Ones.

Dr. F. J. Waldo, while inquiring at the Southark Corner's Court yesterday into the death of a child partially arising from improper feeding, said it is infant death-rate of Southark was far in excess of any other district in London.

It was, he said, in part owing to the general ignorance of the mothers as to the feeding of their children, and in part to the fact that the district was largely made up of poor families. The others had to go out to work during the day and leave their babies in the care of elder children. There, then, occurred many accidental deaths which would not happen if the infants were properly experienced hands.

He was in favour of public nurseries or crèches for the babies of the poor, but he thought that if such places were wholly supported by the rates they would do harm to the parents and be unfair to the employers who bore the cost of their own burdens.

In his opinion they should be partly paid for by the parents and partly by the employers of the others, the balance being contributed from the rates.

HOME SECRETARY SAYS "NO."

Mr. Will Crooks has asked the Home Secretary at child law-breakers arrested on Saturdays and Sundays should be temporarily kept in remand rooms of the Asylums Board.

Mr. Akers-Douglas declines on the ground that "rested children are invariably released on bail."

AIR BATHS FOR A PENNY.

Those in Search of Health Advised To Ride on Motor-Omnibuses.

Town dwellers in search of health should ride on motor-omnibuses, said Mr. Neville, speaking at the London Congress of the Royal Institute of Health yesterday.

The use of these vehicles was also strongly advocated by Mr. E. Shrapnell Smith. In fact, so strongly did this gentleman urge the point that the title of his paper might have been "Health Secured by the Motor-Omnibus."

"By the use of the motor-omnibus," said Mr. Shrapnell Smith, "you keep yourself dry in wet weather, cool in hot weather, and from the intoxication of its speed obtain a very powerful tonic for your whole system."

"You can take your wife and family out for an air bath, and have your midday meal at home in peace and quietness instead of in the turmoil of the City. More than this, the very fact of the vehicles' great speed will increase your mental activity—all these advantages can be secured for one penny."

READING IN BED.

Advocated by Dr. Osler, but Condemned by the Medical Profession.

Dr. Osler, the famous Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, has just made a strong statement in favour of reading in bed. But the bulk of medical opinion seems to be against the literary "night-cap."

A surgeon at a London ophthalmic hospital, interviewed yesterday, said a number of ills were caused by the practice.

In addition to the unnatural strain on the eyes, the strain on the back muscles, he said, is most injurious.

The necessarily uncovered arm and shoulder often lead to rheumatism, and the danger of fire is always a serious one.

The doctor's impression is that the soothing effect of the books is more than outweighed by the drawbacks accompanying it.

WEALTH FROM MUSTARD.

Munificent Gifts to Employees of a 100-Year-Old Firm.

To enable all their employees to participate in the celebration of the firm's centenary, Messrs. Colman, the famous mustard makers, are giving inscribed silver bowls to all heads of departments and travellers.

Each of the foremen, including those who have retired, is to receive a clock.

The works will be closed on Friday night, August 4, until the following Tuesday, and gifts of money will be distributed—to each married workman 20s., each unmarried workman 12s. 6d., each woman and young person 7s. 6d.

Workmen of fifty years' service—these veterans being considerable in number—will receive 20s. extra.

SCREAMING IN FASHION.

Low and Sweet Voices Said To Be Seldom Heard in London Now.

Are we, as a nation, more noisy than we used to be? Do we talk more loudly, and, if so, why? There can be little doubt that well-to-do people do speak more loudly than they used. A woman's paper recently likened a London drawing-room to a parrot-house, and said that society people shout rather than talk.

Investigation made by the *Daily Mirror* confirms this statement. Yesterday, during lunch, at a smart West End restaurant, the noise was almost deafening. Beautiful, daintily dressed women, who looked as if their voices must be like peals of silver bells, announced themselves possessed of strident and discordant tones. Their noisy talk was interspersed with loud, meaningless laughter, with hysterical shrieks, and boisterous exclamations.

One lady, when questioned on the subject, said it was chiefly due to the example set by the many American women, with shrill loud voices, now in town. Another thought the fashion of having bands to play at meal-times was partly responsible, as voices had to be raised to be heard.

ONE OF LONDON'S GREATEST NEEDS.

Found unconscious in a train at Tulse Hill, George Cornish, a Lambeth carman, was carried four miles to a hospital on a police hand ambulance.

The infirmary horse ambulance could only be taken after official sanction. The jury at yesterday's inquest commented on London's need of horse ambulances.

Sir George Lisle Ryder, K.C.B., chairman of the Board of Customs from 1899, left estate of the value of £13,230.

SAVAGES IN LONDON.

Sensation Created by Somali Warriors' Visit.

BIDDING FOR A WIFE.

Fierce dusky warriors armed with ferocious-looking spears and daggers, clad in long white cloaks, and wearing sandals on their feet, startled the people at Ludgate-hill Station yesterday.

They were the Somalis at present encamped at the Crystal Palace, who, with their wives and children, were being shown the sights of London.

Their arrival created quite a panic amongst the ladies in the crowd which had gathered to see them, for their appearance was warlike in the extreme. Even the little children carried arms.

They were persuaded to mount two commodious brackets, and with yells of triumph, they rolled into Fleet-street en route for the Coliseum, followed by a great crowd of people.

Proposal to a Waitress.

Passing the Law Courts, Herts, their leader, a chocolate-coloured warrior, who had been one of the Mullah's generals, spied a man on the gallery of that venerable pile. "Oochoo lago hoo," he cried, which, being interpreted, means, "There's a money!"

When the dusky natives entered the Coliseum, spying one of the waitresses selling sweets, Herts boldly and loudly offered her 300 sheep to become his wife, but the maiden blushed and eventually ran away—but not with Herts.

The party were provided with opera glasses, and so entertained was one tiny fuzzy-wuzzy watching the performance through his glasses that he nearly fell over backwards.

Mud for the Hair.

All the warriors carried charms and fetishes on their arms, and some packets of drugs and medicines, whilst the women wore necklaces, composed of huge silver bells and gigantic pieces of amber. The tribesmen and women are distinctly handsome.

Herts, in broken English—he has learnt a good deal in the two months he has been in England—told the *Daily Mirror* that they cleanse their hair with mud to give it a brilliant effect.

The whole party returned to the Crystal Palace delighted with their outing.

VERSATILE MAGISTRATE.

Stone-Breaker on One Day and Judge of Horses on the Next.

Mr. Fordham, who figured this week as a judge of stone-breaking, yesterday took the evidence of his own inspection in regard to a horse, which John Rose, a Hurringay carman, was said to have worked whilst it was in an unfit state.

Mr. Fordham went into the courtyard to see the animal, and on returning said he would not call upon the solicitor for the defence to address the Court.

"The horse, he said, was a most useful kind of animal. It was a most ridiculous charge of cruelty ever brought before him."

He would dismiss the case with 10s. costs against the police.

WIDOW'S CONSCIENCE.

Pathetic Application Invites and Obtains Judicial Sympathy.

A poor woman applied to Mr. Paul Taylor at Marylebone Police Court yesterday for a certificate of exemption from vaccination on the ground that it was her late husband's dying wish that the child should not be vaccinated, as he thought it would be detrimental to its health.

Magistrate: What is your own opinion?—Well, I object, as the child is delicate.

I cannot accept that as sufficient ground, but if you tell me you have a conscientious belief that it will be detrimental I will grant you exemption.—I have, sir.

On what ground?—I am afraid of the child being ill afterwards.

Well, I suppose I must not cross-examine you as to the grounds of your conscientious belief. You may take the certificate.

CLUB TRUSTEE'S SUICIDE.

On hearing of the sentence on Samuel Hill for falsifying the Hackney Workmen's Club accounts, Mr. John Morgan, one of the trustees, walked out of his shop at Dalston.

Nothing was heard of him until his body was found in the River Lea.

"ADOPTED" HIS OWN CHILD.

Romantic Story of a Glasgow Merchant's Alleged Perfidy.

A sensation has been caused in Glasgow by the mysterious disappearance of a well-known city merchant, whose wife is likely to institute divorce proceedings against him.

The merchant and his wife, to all appearances, led a happy life. He was extremely popular in social circles, was an elder of a church, and took a practical interest in various organisations.

About a year ago the merchant's wife was so ill that she had to be removed to hospital. During her stay there she was regularly visited by her husband, who always appeared anxious about her welfare.

One day the husband suggested to her that they should adopt a baby as they had none of their own. The wife agreed to this, and through an advertisement a baby was secured.

Everything went well until the mother of the adopted child—a young and pretty widow—appeared on the scene and denounced the merchant as the father. He had made love to her, she said, representing himself as a single man.

After the child was born he adopted it, but left her to face the world alone.

The merchant is now said to have gone abroad.

APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY.

Can the Word of an Ex-Convict Be Preferred to That of a Policeman?

Frank Goule, a homeless labourer, charged at the West London Police Court yesterday with being in unlawful possession of three pots of flowers, made a curious plea to the magistrate who remanded him.

The assistant gaoler reported that Goule had been previously convicted.

Goule: These gentlemen (the police) are supposed to tell the truth. They couldn't tell a lie; oh, dear, no! But look here, sir, when I come up you ain't going to punish me because I've already been to prison, are you?

Mr. Lane: Well, I am going to see whether I am to believe the word of a man who has been to prison before as against the word of a man who has never been there. Anyway, we'll have a talk about that next time.

Goule: Well, I hope you'll deal with me like an Englishman.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRAISE.

Verse of the Great Poet That Directly Appeals to Holiday-Makers.

This other Eden, demi-paradise:  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.  
These are the soul-stirring words of England's immortal bard, and yet it is strange how little Englishmen of to-day know of the beauties of their own land. Year after year hundreds flock abroad to Continental resorts, many of whom, for instance, are unacquainted with the Yorkshire moors, the Cornish coast, Devonshire lanes, and our own silvery Thames.

This thought comes to the mind on looking over the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide. To read there the formidable array of beauty spots in England and Wales alone makes one think.

The guide referred to is published at threepence, and contains, amongst much other valuable holiday information, a list of the best apartments and hotels. It is an admirable publication.

UNCALLED-FOR KINDNESS.

"I don't like fining you, for I don't suppose you can afford to pay," said Mr. Paul Taylor to a cyclist, summoned for excessive speed, at Marlborough-street.

"Oh, yes, I can," came the quick rejoinder, and he handed over five shillings.

LATE NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE  
IN THE

"WEEKLY  
DISPATCH."

EVERY SUNDAY. ONE PENNY.



## A LONDONER ON TRAMP.

Further Experiences of a Clerk  
Seeking a Job on the Land.

### NO WORK TO BE GOT.

We published on Tuesday the first instalment of this very interesting record of a search for work in the country by a London clerk.

Failing to find employment at his own profession (bookkeeping), he determined to see if it was true that farmers wanted labour and could not get enough.

He told before how he tramped to Oxford and put up at the Church Army Home. Now he continues his story.

I did not trouble the captain at the home for a job. Wood-chopping in a more or less grimy yard did not appeal to me, and one is expected to attend church service. The whole thing smacked rather too much of charity.

Besides, to be quite frank, I sighed for the road again. There is something in swinging along up hill and down dale that after a time gets quite a grip of you.

I left Oxford at eleven o'clock, and after walking for some distance thought it time to commence on the object of my quest. A big farm, enveloped in ricks and sheds, lay a little distance off the road.

#### MANY IN WANT OF WORK.

I approached and asked to see the boss. After some time a stoutish, hard-faced man appeared. "What do you want?" I gave him a short resumé of my desires. No glint of intelligent sympathy shone in his eye.

"Ever done farm work afore?" "No."  
"Ah, all my haymakin's done, and as for reg'lar work there's a dozen men around 'ere as I could give it to if I had it. Good mornin'!"

He turned away.  
Such, briefly, has been the result of my efforts in every case. At some places I met with more consideration, at others less, but it seems there are more workers than there is work for, all along the road.

Early in the afternoon I reached Faringdon. I had breakfasted at Oxford on bread and butter and tea at nine o'clock, and I felt hungry and thirsty.

I saw an elderly woman at a door and asked her to oblige me with a glass of water. I prefer the old women to the young ones—they stare less. After the water I got a pennyworth of bread—a fair-sized loaf—and as soon as I got outside the town had a most welcome and enjoyable feast.

#### A CHANGE OF PLAN.

A man whom I met at the Oxford home had told me that supposing I got as far as Bristol he knew a man there who would quite likely give me a job on a boat, or even a lift by water back to London. It was this that suggested my coming so far west. I had not intended going far beyond Oxford. It seemed too much like burning my boats.

I thought, however, of that old piece of doggerel that commences, or ends, I forget which—

The man who fears, and knows his fear,—  
fears to fight it down:  
That man beyond all other men deserves the victor's crown.

So my boats are blazing merrily!

I passed through Highworth, and, making one call, with the usual result, between there and Cricklade, reached the latter place, a small, clean, and rather modern-looking town, at about nine o'clock. Passing about two miles beyond the town and eating the rest of my bread as I went, I looked out for a likely spot to spend the night.

In a field on the left loomed six or eight large objects that looked in the gloom like gigantic Kaffir kraals. On closer inspection they proved to be great piles of hay; the last stage of hay, I think, before it is made into ricks.

I climbed the gate, and selecting a remote pile of hay made my preparations for passing the night, and took off my boots and hid them in the hay.

I lay awake shivering, and later rather damp, for what seemed hours. I would have given worlds for a blanket. I did get a few hours' broken sleep, but, awakening at what I judged to be about five o'clock, I at once prepared to resume my tramp.

(To be continued.)

The "United Service Gazette" (which is now under entirely new proprietorship) is publishing a valuable series of articles on "How to Reform the Army."

The first article, entitled "Tinkering Reforms," appears in the current number. All service men should follow this important series.

The "United Service Gazette" can be obtained through any newsagent, or may be seen at the various clubs, officers' messes, and free libraries throughout the kingdom. Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43 and 44, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Small flags are in future to be carried on the whips of those cabdrivers in Manchester who guarantee politeness and the legal charge.

For striking his superior officer, Walter Dibble, a stoker, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour by naval court-martial at Chatham yesterday.

Although he had discarded his coat and dispensed justice from the bench in his shirt-sleeves, a magistrate at Stratford yesterday still wore his buff gloves.

Forty Benedictine monks will shortly exchange the seclusion of the Ampleforth cloisters for the sea breezes at Filey, in which resort they will have charge of the Roman Catholic services for some weeks.

Under the impression that a juror could send a substitute, a man did so at a Bury inquest, but the coroner fined him a sovereign, remarking that that had not been the practice in the town for sixteen years.

In the district of Byker, at Newcastle, a former Methodist chapel, after passing through the hands of several proprietors, was purchased by a publican. He obtained a licence, and has opened the building under the somewhat incongruous name of "The Chapel Inn."

Visitors who take up their abode in the neighbourhood of a large crape factory at Yarmouth started nightly by the loud report of a gun precisely at ten o'clock. The night watchman of the building, it appears, has for years been in the habit of discharging the firearm at the time stated when he has found that all is safe.

Baron Sempill, who served with the Coldstream Guards in the Crimea, died yesterday in his seventieth year at his residence, Craigievar Castle, Aberdeenshire.

Amongst the strawberry-pickers at Holt, said the Rev. W. Thomas, at Cefn Mawr, were two ex-barbarians and an ex-clergyman, who owed their downfall to drink.

Greenwich Borough Council have petitioned the Board of Trade to increase the present speed average of ten miles an hour on the L.C.C. tramway route to sixteen.

From four centres in the Midlands the Automobile Club intend sending out for a thirty days' trial light delivery-vans and other motors for business purposes. The experimental vehicles will cover 2,500 miles.

Disguised as navvies, detectives arrested three men in Covent Garden yesterday, and the unusual garb of the officers led to the party being followed to the station by a large crowd of people fired with curiosity at the strange make-up.

Soon after his mother's funeral cortege had left the house, a little four-year-old Stratford boy named Charles Wright wandered along the banks of the Channelsea River near his home, and, stumbling into the water, was drowned before help could reach him.

To make their annual inspection of the Smithfield Market, Manchester, members of the Markets Committee of the City Corporation were astray at five o'clock in the morning. They were as proud of their early rising as they were of the market's satisfactory appearance.

## FRENCH HORSE WINS THE ECLIPSE STAKES.



M. E. Blanc's Val d'Or, winner of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown yesterday, and G. Stern, the jockey, who rode the horse to victory.

Harvest is expected to commence in the V.etherby district of Yorkshire next week. It will be the earliest known since 1868.

As a result of slackness of trade, more than a hundred thousand colliers in the shires of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, York, and Lancaster are working only four days a week.

There is one mile of tramway in the provinces to every 9,100 inhabitants, whereas in London there is only a mile to 30,000 persons. In Stepney, the borough engineer points out, one mile of tramway has to suffice for every 46,557 people.

Much sympathy has been evoked on behalf of a poor blind man named Tarpey, whose only friend and guide, a little dog, was killed in Manchester on the day of the royal visit. A Didsbury gentleman has offered him another terrier, and subscriptions have also been raised for him.

Surprised at seeing a large fish alongside her whilst she was bathing in the Solway at St. Bees, Miss M. A. M. Honeyburn noticed that the creature was in difficulties when it got into shallow water. She pluckily seized it by the tail and dragged it ashore. Nearly 4ft. long, and with triple rows of teeth, opinion is divided as to whether the creature is a shark or a very big dog-fish.

Forty-five suggested amendments to the first clause of the Unemployed Workmen Bill have already been notified, and twenty-three others have been entered for the second clause.

Five snapshot photographs taken of several book-makers while they were receiving bets were handed up to the Bench by the chief constable when the men appeared before the magistrates at Barnsley.

Special postage stamps of the value of 1d., 2d., 5d., 1s., 2s., 6d., and 5s., the design on which represents a magnificent view of the Victoria Falls, have been issued by the British South Africa Company in connection with the forthcoming visit of the British Association to Rhodesia.

Five and a half years ago the Manx Foxdale Railway Company went into liquidation, after being profitless for nearly fifteen years. As a result of its recent amalgamation with the Manx Railway Company the creditors are now to receive 8s. 7d. in the £, which comes as a very welcome surprise.

Churchwardens, in a remarkable circular, point out to the members of the parish church of St. Hilary, Wallasey, the demoralising example afforded by a finely-dressed man or woman with a well-groomed hand deftly slipping a penny on the collection-plate while singing with unctious, "We give Thee but Thine own."

## EASY MONEY, BUT NO BUSINESS

Stock Exchange Does Not Take the Government Defeat Seriously.

## SOUTH AMERICAN GAMBLE

CAPL COURT, Friday Evening.—It is the daily story of easy money. We all knew that it did not prevent the gilt-edged market from falling away, and so one might have supposed that the Government defeat was going to "knock spots" into Consols. However, the price simply subsided gently from 90½ to 90, and then quickly rallied to the overnight figure. Dealers asked by brokers as to the effect of the Government defeat, looked with mild surprise on their questioners. There was no effect, because the market did not take the defeat seriously. Just towards the close, Consols lost the little sixteenth at 90 1/16, but the dealers said that it was merely owing to the disheartening absence of business. Irish stock is heavy because of the increase in the Government land purchase plans. Colonials are dull.

The South-Eastern and Chatham statement of the earnings came out, and the decrease was a matter of £4,000, or so. Consensus with the Southern stocks listed at Dover "A" and Brighton "A" no longer languished. For the rest, "steady to dull" is the description that hits the market off.

The Union Pacific dividend has come and gone. The public have not come at all. Consequently, the shimmering of the American market is a very poor performance. They gave a few things a little fillip in the afternoon just to show what the American market can do. One thing is certain, it could best do with the public, and the public can do without Americans.

#### "BUCKETSHOP" THIEVES.

This reminds us that the thieves in the "bucket-shop" world are quite busy inviting all and sundry to indulge in operations in Americans and other stocks on the "cover" system. It is only a "cover" for purse-snatching.

This morning it quite looked as though the Foreign railway section had boiled over. Argentine Rails, Mexican Rails, even Manila debentures, looked as though they were done with for the time being. It only lasted an hour or two, and then Foreign Rails had their heads up again. It is wonderful what a lot of vitality continues to be shown in this section, but the public should be getting just a little wary.

As regards Foreigners, perhaps Japanese issues are a little droopy, and the new scrip scarcely better than a premium. They circulated a story as to the partial collapse of the Rio Tinto workings. They put the shares down on the rumour, but the company professes to be in ignorance of any such development, and the tone has been better this afternoon. The South American gamble is now being followed by profit-taking, and the market looks just a little heavy. Colombians were sold, now that there is no more to go for. Brazilians were bought.

#### TELEGRAPH COMPANY DISAPPOINTMENT.

The London and India Docks earnings were rather poor, but no worse than was expected. After paying the Preferred dividend, there is about £61,000 forward, against about £85,000 a year ago. Dock stocks are just a little heavier. A disappointment is the Anglo-American Telegraph dividend. It was at the rate of 28s. per cent. on the Preferred, whereas the market had expected the full 30s. So a goodly fraction was knocked off Anglo "A."

Kaffirs did not continue their overnight stop; they opened a little higher, and then they became just quietly dull. Nothing doing again. They are offering Ashanti Goldfields on the coming debenture issue, and there were successful attempts to put up Associated again in the Westralian market, but otherwise there were not any features in the mining sections, which were dull for the most part.

To-morrow (Saturday) the Stock Exchange will be closed. An Indian 3½ per cent. loan for 400 lakhs of Rupees is announced.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMERICAN MINING, MILLING, AND SMELTING (A. E. W.): Have nothing to do with it or with the firm mentioned.—NITRATE DEFERRED (Nitrate): 7 per cent. At present the Preferred is earning 3½ per cent. Traffic are still improving, and the Deferred may be said to be in distant view of a dividend. A gamble.—ENTIRE RIOS (W. R. C.): Hopefully discarded.—GREAT WESTERN OF BRAZIL (D. A.): Yes.

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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

### LEFT IN THE LURCH.

IT seems absurd that because a Government is defeated by a vote in a division of second-rate importance it should be expected to resign.

That was the view of a great many people yesterday morning when they heard that at a very late sitting of the House of Commons the Opposition had defeated a vote for Irish Land Commission expenses, and had clamoured wildly for Mr. Balfour's resignation.

And, indeed, it did seem at first as if the Liberal victory were really due to the fact that a number of Conservatives had gone home to bed, tired out, instead of staying on in the House until the weary end.

But an examination of the lists of those who voted and those who did not puts a different face on the matter. Over seventy Unionist members, who are well-known to be in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, as against Mr. Balfour's, were absent, and among them was Mr. Chamberlain himself.

Of course, this may be no more than a coincidence. In Mr. Chamberlain's own case we know that his health has lately demanded early hours, whenever possible, and freedom from exhausting effort. His followers may also be, as a body, suffering from the heat and the fatigues of the London Season.

It is more likely, however, that the pronounced Tariff Reformers had agreed not to put themselves out by placing loyalty to the Prime Minister before their convenience and the natural desire of man for bed at a reasonable hour.

It is this that makes the situation a difficult one for Mr. Balfour to decide. He could go on for a long time if he had only the Opposition to fight against. But if those who profess to follow him leave him in the lurch only two days after he has begged them to attend regularly to their duties, it means that the end is not far off.

Surely the best plan would be for Mr. Balfour to wind up the business of the session, prorogue as soon as possible, and go to the country late in September. Possibly that expedient may occur to him. H. H. F.

### IS PERJURY A CRIME?

There are two points for very serious consideration in the Maclean suit, which ended yesterday in the granting of a decree nisi to the Sultan of Morocco's famous military adviser.

One was the conduct of the counsel engaged. They showed no appreciation of the very painful and delicate issues involved in a case which pitted mother and daughter against one another as rivals for the affection of a worthless young man.

They treated the whole thing in a callous, overbearing, brutal manner. They asked questions in a way which certainly ought not to be permitted. They sought to arouse laughter over matters which to decent people are certainly not subjects for coarse merriment.

We regret to see that even Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes began his summing-up by dealing with the circumstances in a playful vein quite out of keeping with the seriousness of the case.

It is high time the Divorce Court should cease to be regarded as a kind of circus with an unlimited number of clowns.

The other point to which attention ought to be drawn is this: Will Mr. Mortimer and Lady Maclean be tried for perjury? If not, it will be evident that in divorce cases people are not expected to speak the truth.

The jury have declared their belief that the respondent and co-respondent perjured themselves. They solemnly declared upon oath that the charge against them was false. The verdict is that it was true. If no prosecution follows, the law must fall into utter contempt. It will be clearly understood that perjury is no longer a crime. E. B.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

So long as one loves, one forgives.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SHANDOWN again promises to be very attractive this afternoon if only the weather remains fine, but the fact that the King will be an absentee will doubtless keep many people away. Mr. and Mrs. Hwa Williams will have a party of friends with them, including Lady de Trafford, Mr. and Mrs. Rochefort Maguire, and several others.

At Ranelagh a large company is expected this afternoon, and Lord Shrewsbury is bringing down a party of friends, who will remain and dine with him. The Saturday dinner-parties at Ranelagh are most enjoyable, and the cuisine quite excellent. The Club band plays during and after dinner, and the grounds are gaily lit with Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps.

Lord Cork, who presided over the annual dinner of the Liberal Union Club last night, only succeeded to his title last year. His father died at a green old age, and his mother, who is one of the most interesting old ladies in the peerage, is still alive. She was a Lady Emily de Burgh, and is a sister of the present Lord Clanricarde. A famous beauty in her youth, Lady Cork excited so great and respectful an admiration amongst the smart bachelors of London that they all combined to present her with a wedding present when she married in 1853.

Lady Cork celebrated her golden wedding in 1903; the next year her husband died. She dresses with the taste, and behaves with the dignity, characteristic of an earlier and less hurried generation than this. Her white hair is always covered by a black lace cap, from which one pear-shaped pearl hangs on great occasions, as in some picture

ing them in their boxes, and, after all, the question does not affect the general comfort of the house. What is more important is the question of a new practice which I observed at the opera the other night. In the midst of a darkened theatre I suddenly observed one box illuminated by a sinister glimmer. It was caused by a group of ladies who had armed themselves with electric torches and were proceeding to read their scores by the help of these. Occasionally they levelled the torches at individuals in the audience to discover friends and acquaintances. This was certainly worse "form" than any amount of diamond crowns.

If the news that M. Cavaignac, who was French Minister of War during the Dreyfus trial, is about to retire from public life turns out to be accurate, France will lose one of the few "incorruptibles" she possesses. He has always shown a talent for resistance to the prevailing party cries of French politics—he would not have been one of the mob who cried out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" for the space of several hours. His retirement may be due to bad health. He has always suffered from chest weakness, and his appearance is wan and delicate.

Some of his political courage M. Cavaignac doubtless inherits from his father, the General Cavaignac who refused to shake hands with Napoleon III. after that "regenerator of society" had made a throne for himself by massacring some of his fellow countrymen. Some of his weakness he inherits, too, perhaps, for he was born after the father's health had suffered from depression caused by the Napoleonic outrage. A fine story is told of young Cavaignac's conduct

The profits of skilful, or lucky, art-dealing could not be better illustrated than by the story which a well-known expert told me a day or two ago. He was passing a few days in Venice, and noticed, in a curious shop there, lying on the floor, amidst dust and cobwebs, an effaced and blackened canvas. Some relic of colour in the thing suggested possibilities. The expert bought it for £1. It now turns out, after judicious cleaning, to be an unmistakable Venetian master worth probably £500, though, in its rather marred condition, not much more. But a profit of £499 is not bad for one day's work.

Sir Henry Seymour King, who has just been giving the world his views about Curzon's policy in India and expressing cordial approval of it, has had a long association with India and her affairs—through his connection with the large banking-houses of King and Co., in Bombay and Calcutta. Sir Seymour is a great mountaineer, and has had the honour of making three new ascents in the Bernese Oberland. He has been through snowstorms, has breakfasted off frozen bread and icicles, and endured all the other terrors of the Alpine climber. The publishing firm of Smith and Elder, by the way, used to form one house with the banking business of which Sir Seymour is the head.

The Duchess of Buccleugh, whose sale of work at Montagu House yesterday was a great success, is one of the most exclusive hostesses in London. She has served the present and late Queen as Mistress of the Robes, whose duty it is at coronations to pin on the Queen's gown, to wipe off any of the sacred oil that may fall upon the royal countenance, and to perform other embarrassing but necessary duties. At the last Coronation the Duchess was unfortunate enough to lose a valuable bracelet, which was carried off on the train of another peeress and folded away with it, and only discovered months afterwards.

I understand that it is the intention of Mr. P. W. DeKeyser at the proper time to come forward as a candidate for the Siriarchy for the year 1907. His uncle, Sir Polydore DeKeyser, filled the office of Sheriff in 1882, and that of Lord Mayor in 1887. Mr. DeKeyser has received many voluntary promises of support from prominent Liverymen, but he will not, of course, take any active steps to prosecute his candidature until after the present Sheriff-Elect have taken up their official duties.

Lord and Lady Chylesmore will have the honour of entertaining the King at Bisleigh this afternoon at tea, and a distinguished company have been invited as well.

### A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

THE triumph which the Irish Nationalists, together with all the hosts of opposition, have won over the Government in the House of Commons is due mainly to him. It was his motion which brought the Government to grief; it was he who scornfully asked the Prime Minister if he could swallow the crowning rebuff of defeat. Upon Mr. Redmond—the hopes of the Irish Party are firmly fixed. The mantle of Parnell has fallen upon his shoulders. Will he wear it with the same effectiveness?

Undoubtedly he is able to wear it. He has little or none of Parnell's dignity, little of that disdain with which the "uncrowned king" used to brush away the political flies which buzzed around him. He looks shorter than Parnell, and his rounder face and more cheerful appearance make him, superficially at least, a less romantic figure. Nevertheless, it is understood that he is to be King John I. when Home Rule is granted to Ireland. His crown, when it comes, will have been won by his gift of oratory in an age when public speaking is becoming a lost art; by his eagle eye furiously turned upon the Philistine; by the really musical voice he manages so well; and by his genius for making scenes.

The first day he entered the House of Commons he made his maiden speech, got the House into a famous state of excitement, and was suspended. An excellent beginning for an Irish member.

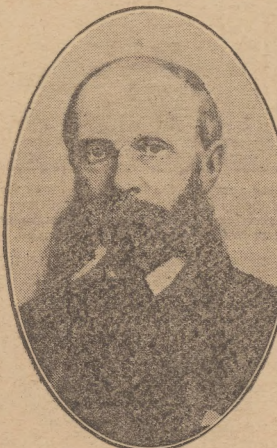
He is probably proud of the fact that he resembles Napoleon, and certainly regrets that he is also like Cecil Rhodes. He may occasionally be taken for the ghost of one of those great men as he rides in the park, with an absorbed expression, planning the future of Ireland.

### IN MY GARDEN.

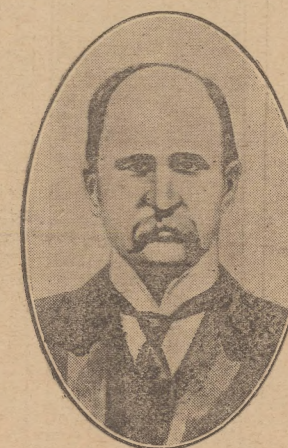
JULY 21.—Our plants should not always come from strange nurseries. Let some have little histories. Delightful it is to grow flowers which remind us of people, places, other days. Old-fashioned flowers do this; for were they not loved by forgotten folk in fair, long-ago gardens? I have white heather from the moors of Derbyshire, ling from the Scotch hills. This giant aspid reminds me of a coast walk in Devon, this edelweiss of a Swiss holiday.

Those pond irises and healthy hart's-tongue ferns came from an Isle of Wight glen. A happy way of planting one's garden; a way that makes it a place of sweet memories. E. F. T.

### IS EVERY MAN ENTITLED TO HIS CENTURY?



Sir James Crichton Browne, F.R.S., says there is no reason why every man and woman should not live to be 100 years old.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Dr. Osier, the distinguished American physician, who asserts that after the age of sixty years men are no good to the community.—(Elliott and Fry.)

by Clouet or Holbein of a renaissance princess. Lady Cork owns some of the finest pearls in existence. Her son, by the way, has an extraordinary number of titles. He is Viscount Boyle of Kinalmeaky, Baron Boyle of Youghal, Baron of Bandon Bridge, and Baron Boyle of Broghill. He saw active service in South Africa during the war.

Prince and Princess Bathynay, who are now in London, are going very shortly to Cowes, where they will stay for about a fortnight, and then proceed to Homburg before going on to Hungary. Prince Bathynay is far more English than Hungarian, for he was educated at Eton and speaks English without the slightest accent. He is very fond of this country and is a very keen sportsman even now. He is one of the very few foreigners who are actually members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. For many years he devoted the summer months to yacht-racing, and scored many successes with the Flying Cloud.

In spite of the fact, proclaimed in many newspapers, that the season is now almost done with, the opera is drawing crowded houses, and it is difficult to get a seat for Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" without waiting some time for it. Opera etiquette has been discussed a great deal this season. It has been agreed that to talk loudly to one's friends during the performance is bad manners, but disputes still rage as to whether it is "the thing" for ladies to appear in diamond crowns, or in any startling display of jewels in so public a place.

It would be difficult, however, for ladies who want to go on after the opera to some party where gowns are considered irreproachable to avoid wear-

ing one day in school. The Prince Imperial, Napoleon III.'s son, was to give away the prizes on the last day of the term. When Cavaignac's turn came he refused to go up to receive his reward from the hands of a hated family. There was a deadly pause and the next boy's turn was taken, while Cavaignac sat motionless on his bench.

One of the most notable of the Sargent celebrities may call those whom the famous artist has painted, is the Miss Ena Wertheimer, whose engagement is just announced. Miss Wertheimer's father, Mr. Ascher Wertheimer, was once called the "King of Bond-street" by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and his wonderful art shop in that street is certainly the most noticeable in it. Mr. Wertheimer scarcely ever makes a mistake in judging a work of art, but his large fortune is not derived solely from his genius in that direction. Some of it comes from bold and clever speculation on the Stock Exchange.

Art dealing, by the way, is now to be recommended as a profession to all young men who have taste and judgment. Its profits are sometimes immense. Mr. Charles Wertheimer is another instance of success in it. His knowledge of china is unrivalled, and he carries on his calling at his private house in Norfolk-street, leaving the Bond-street business in the hands of his brother, Mr. Charles Wertheimer. He has paid prices which make one dizzy to contemplate for pictures. For a Romney portrait he once gave 10,500 guineas. The father of these two clever men was the Samson Wertheimer who used to stand in the door of his shop, looking like Shylock, in a skull-cap and "Jewish gabardine."





# AMERAGRAPHS OF CURRENT EVENTS

## JAPAN'S AMERICAN VISITOR.



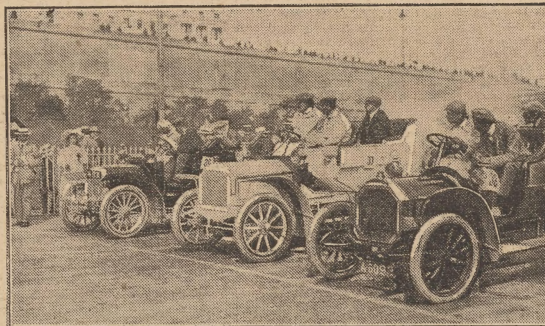
Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President of the United States, is on her way to pay a holiday visit to Japan. Mr. W. H. Taft, the American Secretary for War, is with Miss Roosevelt, and the Japanese are preparing to give their visitors an enthusiastic welcome when they arrive next week.

## GOLD RACQUET WINNER.



Mr. E. H. Miles, winner of the M.C.C. gold racquet at Lord's. He seems to be invincible at tennis, for his latest success gives him the gold racquet for the fifth year in succession.

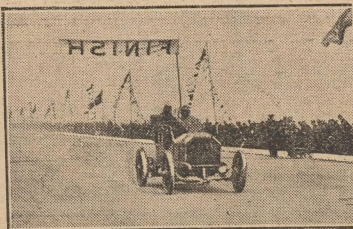
## MOTOR-CAR RACING AT BRIGHTON.



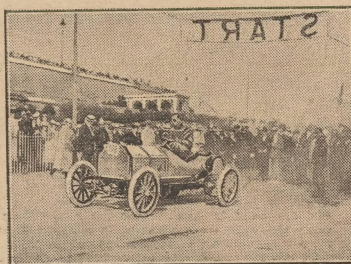
Brighton's magnificent new motor-car track is a huge success, and there has been some first-class racing upon it during the first three days of the motor-car carnival. Our photographs show some of the most powerful racing cars drawn up in readiness to start.



Henri Cissac, who made a new world's record at Brighton by covering the kilometre in 27.2-5sec.—eighty-one miles an hour—on an autocyte.

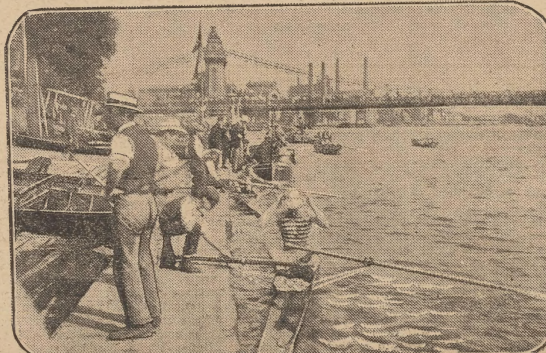


Finishing a mile on the Brighton track at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Notwithstanding the terrific speed the cars raise practically no dust from the surface of the new road.



Mr. J. E. Hutton starting on his 120-h.p. Mercedes. He defeated Mr. Clifford Earp, on a 90-h.p. Napier, by one-fifth of a second over the course at Brighton.

## HAMMERSMITH'S FIRST REGATTA.



Hammersmith held its first regatta in glorious weather. There was some interesting racing and a pretty good gathering of spectators. Our photograph shows some of the competitors in the single sculling contest getting ready.

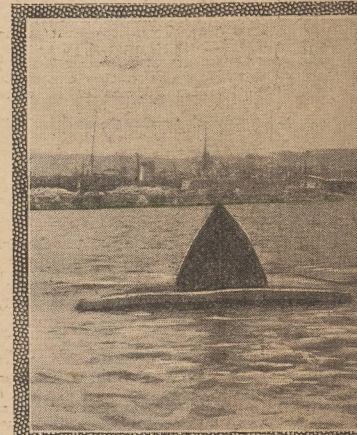


# NEWS

## RAISING THE SUNKEN



Photograph just received from Bizerta, showing the divers had the greatest difficulty in getting the submarine raised, one end being



Bringing the submarine Farfadet to the surface successfully raised, but too late to save

## FATAL AIRSHIP D

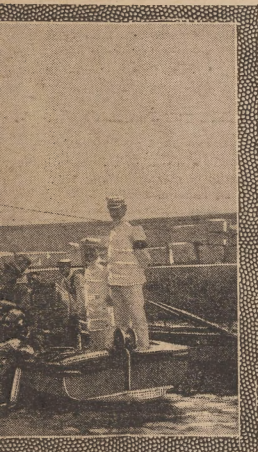


Professor Montgomery and the aeroplane operator at San Jose, California. One of the altitudes of 3,000ft., and the unfortunate a



## NEWS

## NE AT BIZERTA.

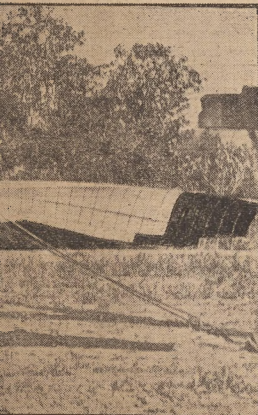


to the sunken submarine Farfadet.  
the submarine so that it could be  
e mud.



tempts the sunken vessel that was at last  
en entombed within it.

## AMERICA.



h has just caused the death of its  
machine gave way when it was at an  
ney, was dashed to the earth.

# PICTURES OF THE DAYS

## NEWS

## CRACK SHOTS AT BISLEY.



Lieutenant Rankin, of the 6th Battalion Royal Scots, one of the best shots at Bisley this year. Our photograph shows him shooting for the Prince of Wales's prize, of which he was eventually the winner. Note the position he adopts when firing. Lieutenant Rankin last week won the Bass and Edge prizes, as well as the Hepton aggregate.

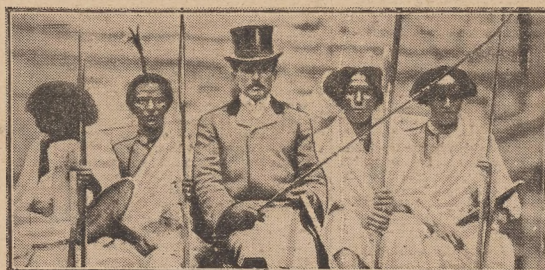


Sergeant Menzies, the highest scorer among the Transvaal competitors for the King's Prize, was one of the twenty-eight shots who reached a score of 100 points.



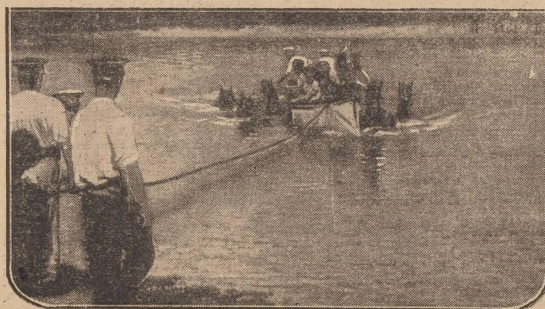
Company Sergeant-Major F. Hicks, of the Transvaal contingent, made the highest score in the first stage of the St. George's competition. His 69 was only one point beneath the highest possible.

## SEEN IN FLEET-STREET YESTERDAY.



Somali warriors from the Crystal Palace on their way to witness a performance at the Coliseum yesterday. The party was about forty strong, and the men turned out in full "war-paint" and carrying their long spears.

## SUMMER EXERCISES AT ALDERSHOT.

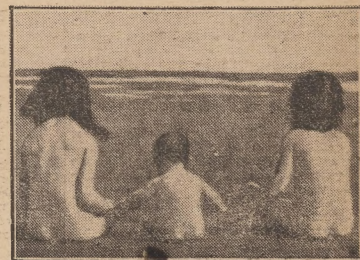


Cavalry crossing a stream. The men swim their horses across, going over themselves in a small collapsible pontoon, which can be put together in a few moments.

## SEASIDE SNAPSOTS.



One of the water babies snapped as she was being carried to the sea for her first dip. Children are generally a little frightened the first time, but afterwards sport in the waves like little amphibians.



Three small people enjoying the cool breezes on the beach at Felixstowe. Having, as may be seen, reverted to the costume of their ancestors, they live the simple life so much advocated just now.



One of the children's chief delights on a seaside holiday. Youthful architects building a sand castle, to be manned by toy soldiers.



## HOW MUNICIPALITIES PAY

Complete Answer to the Duke of Norfolk's Gloomy Predictions.

### RATEPAYERS RELIEVED.

There was a great outcry made at the meeting on Thursday night by the Duke of Norfolk and others about the rise in rates caused by municipal enterprise in the way of tramways, gas, water, and so on.

But, as a matter of fact, it can easily be proved that municipal undertakings of this kind not only do not make the rates heavier, but actually make them lighter.

Official returns leave no room for doubt upon the point. Here is a list of towns in which, last year, the call upon the ratepayers was reduced by profits from municipal enterprises:—

Town.	Total profits.	Amount in £ by which rates were reduced.
Barnes	37,520	1 1 5
Bath	11,040	9
Belfast	35,030	9
Blackpool	17,407	9 1/2
Barnley	17,050	9
Carlisle	16,474	1 8
Darlington	15,880	1 7 1/2
Derby	17,700	9
Dewsbury	6,376	1
Halifax	15,441	8 1/2
Leeds	47,420	10 1/2
Leamington	106,000	1 0
Liverpool	138,413	1 0
Macclesfield	12,771	1 4
Manchester	125,000	9
Nottingham	57,015	1 1 1/2
Rochdale	13,000	10
Salford	40,300	11 1/2
Warrington	12,253	1 0 4 1/2
Wigan	18,005	1 6

To put it another way, the rates in the town mentioned in the list would have last year been higher than they were by the amounts in the third column had it not been for the profits from municipal trading enterprises and incomes from estates owned, which come under the same head.

Profits, however, are not the only object aimed at by local authorities which operate industrial undertakings. The charges for the public services are generally reduced, enterprises become more efficient, and are of greater practical utility to the ratepayers.

### TALE OF FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

The latest figures relating to municipal trading show that the tale of financial success is continued. Manchester has just issued its tramway results, which exhibit a total net profit of nearly £121,000. Last year £51,000 was contributed to the rates from this source.

Southport has handed over £2,500 from its electricity undertaking.

Barnsley promises from its "trading" rather more than a quarter of the whole amount required for the town's expenditure.

Coventry is relieving the rates to the extent of £24,000.

Over £1,000 is available from Rochdale gas; at Burnley the rate relief is equivalent to 1s. 1d. in the £; and at Bury £3,000 is contributed by the Gas Department, and £1,000 by the Electricity Department.

The recent Bradford Exhibition contributed £5,000 in relief of rates.

Analysing electricity supply figures, which are a favourite object of attack, the following remarkable results appear:—

London.—Paid by consumers to the companies, in excess of local authorities' charges, £496,195.

Saved by consumers being supplied by local authorities, £295,351.

Provinces.—Paid by consumers to companies in excess of local authorities' charges, £100,579.

Saved by consumers being supplied by local authorities, £886,513.

### RISE IN MUSICAL TASTE.

"Popular" Selections at the Promenade Concerts No Longer Popular.

The musical taste of Londoners is evidently improving.

At the Queen's Hall Promenade concerts, which begin on August 19, a welcome date to thousands of orchestral music-lovers, there will this year be no "popular" second part to the programmes.

Ten years ago there used to be more people listening to the second half of the programme with its operatic fantasies and popular ballads than to the first part. Now it is the other way about. The management find the so-called popular items are not really so popular as the "classical" music of the first part.

In future the concerts are to be divided into two short parts, both of good-class music. Some sixty-seven novelties are to be performed during the season, which will last ten weeks, and, of course, be under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood.

## "THE SUMMER GIRL."

Joys and Sorrows of Flirtation by the Sea.

### TWO KINDS OF EXPERIENCE.

Is it any wonder that men are fighting shy of marrying when girls behave as they do?

It is invariably the girl's fault. Women are continually flirting and making fools of men. Yet they expect to find good husbands.

There certainly is great harm in seaside acquaintances. These chance meetings often end in disaster and never in any good.

Love does not come at a moment's notice; it takes months, if not years, before it shows itself.

Again, a man never has the same liking and respect for a girl he has met casually. Street meetings are repulsive. An introduction is highly necessary.

What is the result of a marriage of this sort? A girl who picks up with any stranger will never make a decent wife. If there were less so-called "pick-up marriages," divorces would be almost unknown.

HENRY GOSWELL.

### THE DANGEROUS MAN OF THIRTY.

I would like to relate my sad experience of holiday flirtations.

I was only seventeen and had not a care in the world when I chanced to meet at the seaside a man much my senior.

At first I kept him at a distance, but he was determined to win my affection. He found out my likes and dislikes, and was so kind that before long I found myself in love with him.

When my people knew of it I got into trouble. He was so much older than I was, they said.

However, I felt I could not give him up, so my parents gave in, seeing I was so happy.

But I was to have a rude awakening. One night he told me I must not see him again, as he was pledged to another. All he could say was: "I am more sorry than I can tell you. I did not think you would take it so seriously."

I am now merely a shadow of my former self, laughed at and ridiculed by my sisters and brothers, and told I shall be an old maid. I feel a woman of forty instead of a girl of twenty-one. OLIVE.

### THE GIRL WAITING TO BE LOVED.

The correspondence in your enchanting *Daily Mirror* is most interesting. What life would be worth living if there were no such thing as love?

Even Alice Hayden, with whom I do not agree, knows perfectly well, however much she banishes Captain from her thoughts, that in church they sing "And the best is Love!"

Alice Hayden may be one who would, to the horror of her grandmother, straddle across a bicycle, or go about with a great big hockey stick—imitating men.

Give me "Gwenie." I like girls cheerful and bright-hearted. No prudes for me. CESTRIAN.

### SURE TO BE OLD MAIDS.

For my part I am certain there is more enjoyment in being engaged and having a sweetheart of your own than in borrowing one from someone else during the holiday.

But, of course, there are girls who are too fickle-minded ever to be true to one. I am not sure that they will agree when I prophesy that "holiday flirts" will later on be "old maids."

St. Catherine's-park. SATISFIED.

### "END WITH THE JOURNEY."

What would the seaside be like without flirtations?

No boy or girl flirts at the seaside with the intention of falling in love. We are too sensible nowadays.

It is just for amusement, and, after all, what harm is done? Most seaside flirtations end with the journey. F. J. R.

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Your "summer girl" discussion is immense. Myself and my two sisters, typical "summer girls," married our "summer boys."

Love at first sight was followed by a proposal within twenty-four hours.

Eleven years of married life find us still honeymooning. LOVE ON A FOR-EVER LEASE.

Sligo, Ireland.

### TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

ONE OF A MOB, by Nat Gould. A horse novel, but one in which the balance is nicely kept between the sporting interest and the interest of an ingenious love story, which runs alongside of it. John Long. 2s. 6d.

ALIX OF THE GREEN, by Curtis York. Tells of the extraordinary devotion of the hero to "Alix," a daughter which survives the two marriages of that lady to other men, and never declares itself to her. The book allows itself to be read as the German say, with equanimity, if not with acute pleasure. John Long. 6s.

THE OPAL BEARD, by Penguin Humm. Mr. Humm writes too much and too rapidly. This was probably known of when he was not in the vein, for it is an extravagant mystery story about a jewel which makes everybody faint who sees it. Very unconvincing. John Long. 6s.

THE REBEL PRINCE, by Seth Cook Comstock. Very, very long, but not very good. Disappointing attempt is made to be Elizabethan in dialogue. The hero straggles under the name, which for us a modern and perhaps unromantic sound, of Harold. John Long. 6s.

## ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fingers out of curiosity, and has not time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old school-friend of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered at last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordaunt, who enters her in a house where she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered a possible wife for Frank Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends, with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

### CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Kiddie," commenced Hesper Mordaunt's letter.

The word "Kiddie" was sufficient in itself to make Queenie writhe. She had never given the man the slightest excuse for indulging in these odious familiarities.

After Colonel Mayfield, a gallant officer but an inveterate gambler with a genius for putting his money on the wrong horse, came to grief, circumstance had compelled Queenie to eschew society and devote herself to the business on which bread, butter, and frocks depended. She had suddenly found herself in another stratum of life, being brought in contact with people—men in particular of a type previously unknown to her. She had been compelled to adapt herself to circumstances, and had accepted certain facts as inevitable; but without the slightest loss of caste. She was entirely free from affected airs and graces and those posturings frequently employed to disguise inferior breeding; she was far too well-bred and her instincts too correct to permit of anything of this kind. But because in business she was compelled to mask her sensitiveness and to submit to what she felt her refined nature on edge, it did not follow that she lacked either refinement or fine senses.

"Kiddie" rasped her sensitive nerves like a rough file. Yet, as she read what followed, she felt that she was obtaining a glimpse of something better in the man.

"I was downright broken-hearted," continued the letter, "when I called at The Fernery and heard that you were ill. All my wretched fault! I'm more sorry than I can tell you. I want you to give me another chance. I made a mistake—I was carried away—and I had been punishing the champagne too heavily. Now I ask your forgiveness. I can't do more than that."

Queenie was crudely expressed, and the utterly inadequate explanation of the man's gross conduct neither effaced nor mitigated the unspeakable misery and humiliation of Queenie's nightmarish experience; yet it read like an honest apology. The man was not utterly devoid of decent feelings.

"All I ask is that you give me a chance to prove my constant regard," continued the letter. "If you've seen the worst side of my nature, give me a chance of showing you the better side also."

Queenie ceased reading and shivered as if some premonition had come to her. She was not in a fit condition either for physical or mental exertion. In quitting her bed, she had yielded to the promptings of her plucky temperament, but she was flying in the teeth of her sister's orders. Helping herself along by chair and table, she reached an easy-chair. She pressed her hot hands to her aching brows before continuing the letter.

"Since yesterday a little bird has been whispering to me that you're worried, Kiddie—badly worried about money matters."

She gave a little start. Who was "the bird"? She remembered a nervous, frightened expression creeping into her eyes.

"I gather that a certain party—name beginning with T—has left a lot of little things behind him, and that you're worrying your little heart out how to square matters and keep them dark."

The frightened expression deepened in the girl's eyes. "Twas obviously Tom. How had Hesper Mordaunt obtained his information? To what exactly did he refer? Her throbbing head made concentration of thought difficult; but the next moment it flashed on her that Mordaunt had explained to her that he had dismissed her brother because of his all-round indebtedness. She breathed a sigh of relief. Mordaunt's explanation of his general indebtedness—nearly the £2,000. That was theft, not debt. It was no use shrinking from it. "Theft" was the word.

But the momentary thought that Mordaunt might have been talking to the secret, which, if known,

(Continued on page 11.)

To H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR

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IS  
**"BLACK & WHITE"**  
WHISKY.

To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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## YESTERDAY'S MOTOR-CAR SMASH NEAR BRIGHTON.



The wrecked motor-car after the accident. The driver lost control of the car, and it dashed into a telegraph-pole by the roadside near Rottingdean. The chauffeur, William Collins, was instantly killed, and the other occupant of the car was seriously injured.



Removing all that was left of the car from the scene of the smash. It was a high-power Napier car, belonging to Mr. Arthur Brown, of London, and was so completely wrecked that it seems a miracle either of the occupants escaped alive.

## ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

must ruin the man she loved, had sent the blood rushing back to her heart.

"Now look here, Kiddie," she was reading again. "I want my contrition to take practical shape. Suppose you figure out T's liabilities. If a couple of hundred is of any use to you, drop me a line and you shall have it by return. I want to show you that I'm not quite the brute you take me for."

He did not read suspiciously to her, now that she had dismissed the idea that he might possess some inkling to the real reason of her brother's flight from London.

The devil is entitled to his due, though devil he be.

"You follow me, Kiddie? I don't want a bit of paper in return. I'm not offering you a loan. It doesn't cost anything to say 'Sorry!' I want to show you I mean it, and I want you to think better of me—I want you to give me another chance!"

"But what am I to do?" she whispered desperately. "I must begin to pay this money back at once. I shall have no rest, no peace of mind till the last penny has been paid back. My brother has put this millstone round Frank's neck. He tries to hide the fact from me—but I know, I can see! Only he's generous and merciful, and tries to spare me!"

She read through the letter again and again, from time to time her aching eyes wandering from the roses to the torn petals and leaves that strewn the floor.

Then for a long time she stared at a blank sheet of paper, nursing her throbbing head with feverish hands. The whole situation, the mere thought of taking the slightest advantage of this man's offer, was abhorrent; but love and her tremendous sense of honour were ruling too strongly to be denied.

She picked up a pen, and wrote:—

"Dear Mr. Mordaunt,—I accept your apology in the spirit in which it is offered. It is good of

you to offer to help me. If you would lend me the money, I should be grateful. I can only give you my note of hand, as there is already a mortgage on the lease and goodwill of the business."

Hesper Mordaunt received the letter by the last post.

Queenie was being assisted to bed by Pollie Peyton, the latter much incensed at finding her up in defiance of doctor's orders, when a note was brought by special messenger.

"My dear Kiddie,—In answer to yours just received. If you insist on its being a loan, sign enclosed form and return by bearer. You shall have the money to-morrow, though I would much rather it did not assume the nature of a business transaction. You are only too welcome to it—for your own sake."

Queenie shivered but she signed the form, simple as the I.O.U. signed by Chester at Mr. Dexter's suggestion on a certain fateful morning. But the fact that it was a business transaction made Queenie's obligation seem less intolerable.

On the following morning, shortly after Pollie Peyton's departure for business, Queenie received the sum of £2000 in banknotes per special messenger, and signed a receipt for the same.

A few minutes later Banks, her maid, entered with a beautiful offering of roses, and Chester's card, a sympathetic message inscribed thereon. He had called personally to inquire. When, presently, Banks re-entered the dainty room that seemed characteristic of Queenie's personality, she was almost concealed behind the huge basket of costly exotics she carried—Hesper Mordaunt's second floral offering. But there was a heavy sickness about its overpowering perfume, and presently Queenie rang the bell and asked Banks to remove it from the room.

The fragrance of the roses was sweeter—purer. "Two hundred pounds!"

Queenie fingered the notes nervously. The debt her own, she told herself—was £2,000; but it was something to be able to lessen it, if only a little!

And then, after an interval—the shorter the better—she must borrow another sum. She scarcely liked

to contemplate the length of time it would take to pay back the money, and the frightful drain that it would be on her resources; but the mortgage on the business once paid off, her profits would go up with a bound. And Mr. Mordaunt would have to wait. And he would wait. She must be just to him, though he inspired her with loathing. There was some good, some generosity in the man's gross nature.

All that remained now was to convey the money to Frank as plausibly as possible, and without arousing his suspicions as to its source.

But the task was not easy; it was late afternoon when Banks was dispatched to the post with a registered letter.

"Yes," mused Queenie, as she sat alone in her dainty room, rather a wistful, lonesome figure, "I think it will do good to go away for a time—for a change."

She was staring very pensively into emptiness when Banks entered, and "Mrs. Daintree," announced the maid, and ushered in Eve.

It was like a bolt from the blue. Eve, gownned most ravishingly, swept gracefully into the room.

"She's starling very pensively into emptiness when Banks entered, and 'Mrs. Daintree,' announced the maid, and ushered in Eve. It was like a bolt from the blue. Eve, gownned most ravishingly, swept gracefully into the room. 'She's starling very pensively into emptiness when Banks entered, and 'Mrs. Daintree,' announced the maid, and ushered in Eve. It was like a bolt from the blue. Eve, gownned most ravishingly, swept gracefully into the room."

"It's exceedingly thoughtful of you," said Queenie, rising and motioning her visitor to a chair. "I am much better, thanks. In fact, I hope to be out and about to-morrow."

"Mr. Chester was lunching with us," said Eve, "and was telling me all about your accident. I didn't realise that you were such old friends. I thought I should like to call."

She might be contemptuous towards, and hard in her judgment on, those whom she disliked; misunderstood; but she was not petty. She was a woman who would fight fair, if called upon to

(Continued on page 13.)

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**LYRIC THEATRE**.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the management of Mr. Tom D. Day. LAST NIGHT. At 8.15, MARTIN HARVEY, in THE BREED OF NINE FRESHAMS. LAST MAT. TO-DAY, at 2.30, of THE ONLY WAY.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE, TO-DAY.** COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative Exhibits from all parts of the World. GREAT SMALL ANIMAL CAMP. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.50, 4.30, and 6.50. CAMP CHANTANT, 4.0 and 8.0. Tibetan Temple. Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. MILITARY GYMNASIUM, 2.30. Prize Distribution by General Lord Methuen. GORGEOUS FIREWORK DISPLAY by BROCK, at 9.15. Table d'hôte lunches and dinners in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the Grounds and Firework Displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

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## THE SAFE FLANNELETTE

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On Saturday next, July 29th, Miss Fannie Eden will publish a charming new Story-paper bearing her name. The popularity already achieved by Miss Fannie Eden as a story-writer is a strong guarantee as to the literary interest of the new journal.

No. 1 of

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# ANOTHER PICTURE FOR THE CHILDREN TO COLOUR—AN EFFECTIVE BATHING DRESS.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### ONE GIRL AND THREE BOY PRIZE-WINNERS.

For next week's competition our artist has drawn a crocodile crawling on a bank of the Nile, with the Pyramids in the distance and the sun setting behind them. It will make a suitable subject for either crayons or water-colour, and will, I am sure, be as popular as was the frog picture of last week.

The prizes for the frog picture are awarded as follows:—James Edward Farley, Isabella House, First Tower, St. Heller's, Jersey, who is one month short of six years of age, has gained the first prize of 8s., and well he deserves it. His frog and the surrounding flowers, also the bumble-bee and the toadstool, are beautifully coloured, and very cleverly, too, proving to me that James must have

card and has put an expression of droll enjoyment into the large goggle eye of his frog. The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Fred Henry Henwood, 24, Rushey Green, Catford, S.E., whose age is eleven years.

Honourable mentions go to Edwin Maurice Hinxman, aged nine, 1, Newburgh-street, Winchester, Hants; May Baker, aged eleven, 99, Hyde-road, Ardwick, Manchester; Albert Edward Max-

is good should be exercised if illness is to be averted.

There are a few simple tests that may be applied to discover the purity of drinking water, although there is only one absolutely sure way to make water pure, and that is to boil it.

A good test that can easily be tried is to fill a pint bottle two-thirds with water. Add to this half a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, and cover the



Here you see a crocodile walking upon a bank of the Nile, with the Pyramids in the distance. It forms the subject of the current children's competition, and is to be coloured in chalks or water-colours.

well, aged nine, 2, Lancaster-street, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Harold F. Williamson, aged ten, Stud Farm Lodge, Grove-avenue, Hanwell; Jocelyn Adele Tookey, aged eleven and a half, St. Donards, Port Erin, Isle of Man; Roy Veal, aged eleven, 15, Spencer-road, Wealdstone, Middlesex; Bridget Eaton, aged seven, Overstone House, Hexham; and Cecil Brockbank, aged six, 70, Raymond-road, Victoria Park, Bristol.

The coloured crocodile pictures should be addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., and should be sent in up till the first post on Thursday morning, July 27.

### PURE DRINKING WATER.

One of the important points to consider in choosing a healthy holiday is the condition of the drinking water supplied. To those who realise the value of pure water for drinking purposes a good well is as important as a comfortable cottage. More care than that of simply asking whether the water supply

bottle with a glass stopper or a new cork. Then place the bottle in the light of a room. If the water looks cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is impure, but if it is clear it may be used without any fear of causing disease.

Another still more quick and easy test is to put eight grains of a solution of permanganate of potash into an ounce of distilled water. This solution is red, and if a drop of it loses colour when placed in the half-pint to be tested the water is impure. Too many persons do not test water that has no odour and that looks clear, but that is no guarantee of its safety.

### OATMEAL WATER.

Here is a very wholesome and easily-made drink. Take about three or four ounces of oatmeal and a quart of cold water and stir the oatmeal into the water; then leave it to soak and settle. When this has been done, pour off the clear water at the top and the drink is ready.

Queenie became very pensive. She had come to the conclusion that a change of scene and surroundings was very necessary. She would arrange matters with Pollie that evening.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Chester was in his rooms, puffing quickly at a pipe, and inclined to brood on motor-cars, military men of distinguished appearance, and that riddle which has troubled men from the days of primal Adam, to wit, woman, when the servant brought him a registered letter.

Having opened it, he stared dazedly at the parcel of notes it contained. Notes had a curious effect on him, always inspiring him with a faint feeling of nervousness, always recalling that one false step of his, and bringing back vividly his obligation to Dexter.

The first thought that flashed on him as he stared at and fingered the notes—five-pound notes—was that they came from Mayfield.

With a stifled ejaculation, he unfolded the letter accompanying them; but it was signed "Queenie Mayfield."

"Dear Frank," he read, "these arrived this morning. You can guess from whom. I hadn't the heart to tell you when last I saw you that Tom has been seen by a friend of his. I hadn't the courage to tell you. My faith has been shattered. Till I was told this—though it was all a mystery—I had faith in my brother. The shame and humiliation of having to make this acknowledgment is almost more than I can bear. Please don't question me as to where Tom is, or how these notes reached me. I can't and I won't tell you. I want you to forget him. Yet, after all, I feel it is something to be able to forward you a few pounds back—if it is only £200. It argues, at least, some feeling of repentance and remorse. And—I can't tell you more than this—I believe that more will be returned to you presently."

"You must remember, Frank, that Tom is still my brother, and I cannot betray him, and I have still this one faint hope—that one day the enormity of his great sin will be brought home to him, and with it repentance. Please don't try to solve my secret or find out where Tom is. He is my brother. I cannot betray him."

(To be continued.)

## GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pints of gooseberries, half a pound of Demerara sugar, half a pint of custard, three penny sponge cakes, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of pistachio nuts.

Pick over and wash the gooseberries. Put them in a pan with the sugar, and stew them slowly till they are soft. Cut the cakes in finger-shaped pieces, put them in a glass dish, put the stewed fruit over them, then pour the custard over and leave it till it is cold. Meanwhile beat up the cream till it will just hang on the whisk, flavour it carefully, then heap it roughly over the fruit. Blanch and shell the nuts, chop them coarsely, and sprinkle them over the top of the trifle.

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The above pretty bathing dress is made of cerise and white spotted flannel, with a deep band of cerise flannel at the edge of the skirt and stockings to match. The shore cloak is one of cerise cotton twill.

a very firm little hand and a very accurate sense of colour. His scarlet poppies are particularly pretty.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Miss D. Harris, 37, Cambridge-road, Southampton, who is fourteen years of age, and the third one of 2s. 6d. goes to Albert English, aged nine, 68, Hopwood-street, Accrington, Lancashire. Albert has most neatly mounted his picture upon a gold-rimmed

### ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

fight, though she would not hesitate to avail herself of every weapon in her woman's armoury.

So Eve told Chester in her most charming and gracious manner that she would certainly call that very afternoon on Miss Mayfield. Then a servant announced that Major Ruthven had arrived in his car. Chester spent the afternoon, partly in the library and partly in Vincent Devenish's bedroom—a wretchedly long and unsatisfactory afternoon.

"Will you take tea?" asked Queenie.  
"No. I mustn't stay long, Miss Mayfield. What charming rooms you have."

For some quarter of an hour they talked on everyday matters. Queenie had never seen Eve in such a favourable light. Eve confessed to herself that she had misjudged Miss Mayfield. Each tried to be as charming and nice to the other as possible; each secretly acknowledged the attractions and the charm of the other.

But beneath it all something of the old spirit of antagonism still lurked.

"What glorious roses!" murmured Eve as she prepared to take her leave.

"Yes, they're very beautiful," replied Queenie, with a faint flushing of her pale face, as she rang for the maid.

Major Ruthven's car was humming and buzzing outside.

Left to herself, Queenie's lips tightened; otherwise they would have quivered.

**"DAILY MAIL."**







**HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.**  
FOLKESTONE.—Amesbury Boarding-House; midday dinner; close Continental Pier.—Marine-ter. Stamp.  
GREAT YARMOUTH.—Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.  
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